

SHOULD A BRIDE FORGIVE?

BEGIN NEW
SERIAL INSIDE

VOL. XX—No. 507
AUGUST 6, 1932

REGISTERED FOR TRANS-
MISSION BY CANADIAN
MAGAZINE POST.

Betty's Paper

2^d.

EVERY SATURDAY



SECRET LOVERS.

DRAMATIC COMPLETE LONG NOVEL INSIDE

SECRET LOVERS

(Continued from page 36.)

heartless Kathy Clare. The girl I thought I loved would have trusted me through everything. She could never have planned such a cruel, bitter revenge as you have done. Thank heaven your plan included throwing me over before marriage, and not after."

"Oh heaven!" Caryll shrank back as if he had struck her a blow.

"Do you see this?"

He held out a strip of paper, and she saw that it was a special marriage licence. "Here's what I think of you, and your revenge. Don't imagine I'm going to beg you on my bended knees to change your mind!"

Calmly, deliberately, he tore the licence into pieces and flung them contemptuously on the floor.

"Good-bye!" he said, and the door slamming behind him was like a death-blow on Caryll's heart.

She gazed stupidly, blindly at the door, and then sank upon her knees beside the torn pieces of the marriage licence on the floor.

"Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey," she moaned. "I love you. I was mad to try and hurt you—I want you, my darling. Come back to me."

She did not hear the door open, and close softly; did not realise he was in the room again until she felt his strong hands lift her to her feet, and then, through her tears, she saw his face look down at hers, and he was smiling.

"Caryll," he said, using her old name, "you really care for me?"

"Care—oh, Geoffrey!" Sobbing, she buried her face against his breast.

"Dear, I was a brute to talk to you like that!" he whispered. "But I was so angry—because of the way you had treated me."

He broke off, then—as he looked down at the wedding veil and bouquet on the bed—he smiled.

"Dearest, will you put it on and come now? That rowdy crowd will all have gone—and we'll be married just as I wanted it at first—we two alone, my darling one."

"Oh, Geoffrey," Caryll smiled tremulously up at him, "could we really? But—the licence!" She looked down at the torn scraps of paper.

"Sweetheart, it's only a copy. My best man has the original, and he's waiting down in the car, outside."

He helped her to arrange the veil, and although her face was ravaged with her tears, never, in his eyes, had she looked more beautiful.

"Ten minutes more, and then we shall never be parted again," he said.

Their lips met, and in one long kiss everything was forgiven and forgotten.

"One Night In Her Life" is the intriguing title of next week's complete long novel. Here is a passionate drama of romance and intrigue that no modern girl dare miss. Order your copy of next Saturday's issue of "Betty's Paper" from your newsagent to-day.

WINNERS!

IN OUR SCREEN CAST COMPETITION.

The correct cast as chosen by the well-known film producer was:

Coupon

- No. 1 Claudette Colbert as Jill Cooper.
- No. 2 Richard Barthelmess as Guy Clifford.
- No. 3 Claudia Dell as Gwen Farraday.
- No. 4 Neil Hamilton as Drake Meredith.
- No. 5 Helen Twelvetrees as Cicely Fenshaw.
- No. 6 Roland Young as Rick Anderson.

No reader gave the correct cast, but the following eight each had one mistake, and therefore share the first prize of £10:—

- BEARE, E., 42, Chisenhale-rd., Bow, E.3.
- JENNINGS, Mrs. F., 129, Oxford-st., Grimsby.
- JOHLY, M., 8, Agnes-st., Preston, Lancs.
- MACDONALD, Mrs. M., 28, Angle Park-terrace, Edinburgh.
- PILLING, Mrs. H., 14, Shepherd-st., Bacup.
- RILEY, N., 97, Broadstone Hall-rd., South Radish, Stockport.
- ROBERTS, Mrs. D., Carthew, St. Austell, Cornwall.
- SOWDEN, E., 120, Bromley-st., Hamming Heaton, Batley, Yorks.

The following readers each won chromium-plated necklets for the next most correct solutions:—

- Ainsworth, Mrs. L., 35, Winnill-rd., Chadwell-Heath, Essex; Aldridge, Miss V., 160, Woodsmore-lane, Davenport, Stockport; Blakey, Mrs. M., 3, School House, Sunnyside Tow Law, Co. Durham; Bolton, Mrs. F., 14, Park-rd., Cheriton, Folkestone; Brown Miss C., 32, Wellington-st., Peterborough; Carr, Mrs., 8, Calmore-rd., Totton, Southampton; Chandley, Miss A., 240, Burton-rd., West Didsbury, Manchester; Chapman, Miss L., 47, Mariners-st., Lowestoft; Clarke, M. A., 134, St. Annus-rd., Rotherham, Yorks; Clarke, R., 33, Henry-st., Newport, Mon.; Cole, Miss L., 4, Hope-st., Havercroft, Ryhill, nr. Wakefield; Cree, I., 56, Newbridge-rd., Hull; Dale, Miss L., 7, Baucroft-rd., Hale, Cheshire; Dooley, N., 12, Sullivan-st., Hollywood, Co. Down; Dutton, Mrs. E., 29, Pine-st., Hollingwood, Chesterfield, Derby; Edwards, Miss P., Richmond House, Clifton Hill, Clifton, Bristol; Ellis Miss A., c/o Mrs. Hastie, 5, Rectory-rd., Hr. Crumpsall, Manchester; Evans, G. M., Ashmond, Halsteads, Dove Holes, Stockport; Hampshire, Miss P., 72, Copley-rd., Warrstead, Essex; Hardy, Miss L., 239, Dickenson-rd., Longsight, Manchester; Harrison (Mrs.), 4, North View, Sherburn Hill, Durham; Hill, Mrs. O., 64, Sterry-rd., Gowerton, Hull; Miss E., 2, Heath-ice, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough, Yorks; Ingham, E., 115, Lees-rd., Oldham, Lancs.; Johnson, Miss E. G., Lighthouse View, Whitburn Col. nr. Sunderland, Co. Durham; Jones, E., 31, Pen-y-Bryn, Wrexham, N. Wales; Jones, N., Ballarat House, Gwalchmai, Anglesey; Kelsey, D., 87, Highfields, Dursley, Gloucester; Lever, Mrs. F., Belle Vue Farm, Dobcross, nr. Oldham; Mallett, M., 82, Halkett-place, St. Heliers, Jersey; McCabe, Mrs. J., Church Cottage, Ballysillaw, Belfast; Mitchell, Miss B., 14, Pleasant-place, Clapham Park-rd., S.W.4; Mitchell, K., Villa Farm, Poppleton, York; Norfolk, F., 76, West Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4; Louvain Pilgrim, 30, Midland-ave., Lenton, Nottingham; Phillips, K., 21, St. Margaret Cottages, Piershill, Edinburgh; Price, K., Tanrall, Gwespyr, nr. Holywell; Richards, Mrs., Holmshurst Cottage, Burwash, Sussex; Riley, F., 7, Catlow-st., Burnley, Lancs.; Southcott, Miss V., Hilperton Marsh, near Trowbridge, Wilts.; Stammers, Hilda, Holly Farm, Snetterton, Norwich, Norfolk; Swapp, Miss A., 16, Mission-row, Newfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Taylor, M. A., 49, Factory-st., Middleton, Lancs.; Thomas, M., Chilton House, Sudbury, Suffolk; Thomson, R., 26, Letham-ave., Leven, Fife; Waddingham, S., 40, Edith-st., Skerton, Lancaster; Walker, M., 15, Ellesmere-st., Patricroft, Williams, E., Caethraw Bach, Caethraw, Caernarvon, N. Wales; Williams, G. J., 1, Greenfield View, Gwersyllt, near Wrexham; Yates, Miss P., 18, Newtown-st., Heaton Park, Manchester.



Complete Long Novel by
June Ellesmere

CARYLL DESPARD stopped dead in the entrance to the dining-room of the Majestic Palace Hotel, and gave a gasp.

She was found out—found out before her masquerade had even begun!

She had come to the Majestic Palace Hotel, at Torhaven, for a fortnight, meaning to pose as a lady of society. She had meant no wrong, it was to be an innocent enough imposture; just a glorious adventure.

And the very first person she set eyes on when she came down to dinner, was someone who knew that she was only a lady's maid!

How could she have guessed that Geoffrey Ormonde would be staying here just now; although it was because she had heard him describe the Majestic Palace, at Torhaven, as "a wonderful place to stay at," that she had come?

Why, he had intended going on the same yachting cruise as Lady Marie Hawke,

her mistress! Only last week she had shed secret tears because she had heard Lady Marie hint to some women friends that her engagement to Geoffrey would probably be announced on her return!

"Madame wants a table for one?" The head waiter was standing at her elbow, bowing deferentially.

Caryll turned and gave him a strained smile. "Yes, please—one," she replied. Then she flung back her head and sailed down the restaurant, a daring little smile hovering round her lips.

What did it matter if Geoffrey Ormonde *did* recognise her as Despard, Lady Marie's maid? There was no law against a lady's maid staying

at the Majestic Palace, if she paid her bill. And hadn't Caryll brought a whole year's savings along to do so?

Supposing Geoffrey Ormonde *did* recognise the evening gown she was wearing—and all her other clothes, for that matter—as Lady Marie's cast-offs? She knew how to wear

She had given her heart to him, only to find that he had been fooling her; flirting with her. In the hour when he should have stood by her, defending her good name, he deserted her. He was rich—she was poor; how could she pay him back?

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious, the names do not refer to any living person or persons.

No. 507.—August 6, 1932.

OUT EVERY SATURDAY.

them as well as her mistress did, and she realised, from the number of eyes that followed her, that she was creating just the sensation Lady Marie might have done.

As she sank into the chair the waiter drew out for her, she realised with a thrill that she was directly opposite, and only a few yards away from Geoffrey.

He raised his eyes casually from his plate, and they met hers. Her heart gave a great leap, then, daringly, she bowed and smiled, as if to an old friend.

Geoffrey looked surprised, turned hastily to see if she had smiled at someone behind him, then, very quickly, he bowed in return.

But he had not recognised her!

She could see that his mind was frantically saying: "Now who the deuce are you?"

Caryll was overjoyed that he did not see in her the demure maid in black-and-white uniform, yet there was a tiny trace of bitterness, too. For *she* would have known Geoffrey Ormonde anywhere.

He was her ideal. He was enshrined in her heart of hearts as the one man she could love. Not that she had ever dared to hope for a moment he would look her way, but she had prayed she would never have to endure the bitterness of seeing him become Lady Marie's husband—tied for life to a vain, selfish, heartless woman.

Her thoughts raced madly on. Perhaps now she would get to know him on his own level. She would not tell him who she really was! Time enough for that by-and-by, when the holiday was over.

Meanwhile, here she was at the Majestic Palace, beautifully dressed, eating exquisite food, and only a few feet away from the man she loved!

She was half-way through her meal when another diner entered the room. Swiftly his practised eyes roved round it, and came to rest on Caryll. First, they saw only the lovely down-bent head, with its cap of spun-gold hair; then his eyes narrowed at the sight of a necklace of sparkling stones round her throat.

A quiet word to the head waiter, and the latter, beaming, because he scented a little romance, which was, after all, a good thing for the hotel, had led him to Caryll's table.

"Do you mind if this gentleman sits opposite? The other tables are all occupied, or reserved."

Caryll bowed assent quietly. Even the most high-born lady could not have done it better. She found herself looking into the liquid dark eyes of a very handsome, olive-skinned man.

"Thank you for permitting me to share your table. I am alone here. It is my first visit to your very beautiful Devon," he said, with a slightly foreign accent.

Caryll felt that she must take pity on this lonely stranger. She made some appropriate reply, and he introduced himself. His name was Pierre Valaine, he said. He evidently knew how to make himself charming, and in a few minutes they were laughing together like old friends.

Caryll did not forget to glance at Ormonde now and then. He was watching them, and scowling furiously. Her heart gave a little thump. Ridiculous to think he could be jealous, and yet...

But it was not jealousy—together—that made Geoffrey frown heavily as he watched the two at the table near by.

He knew Pierre Valaine slightly in Town, and he knew that the foreigner had an extremely shady reputation. So far he seemed to have kept out of the police's clutches, but he was up to no good. It was a pity, Geoffrey thought, that he had managed to rake up an acquaintance with that lovely young girl.

Who was she, anyhow? Her face was very lovely, and vaguely familiar. But how on earth could he ever have met anyone so striking and then forgotten her?

They were finishing dinner when the head waiter came up again, some cards in his hand.

There was to be a Gala Ball in the Hotel that night in aid of some charity. Would they care for tickets?

Valaine smiled. "I should like to attend the ball, and shall take two tickets, if you"—bowing to Caryll—"will favour me with your company and promise me some dances."

"Oh, I shall go to the ball, but I can't allow you to pay for my ticket," Caryll answered. "However"—she smiled at Valaine—"I'll dance with you, if you like."

She was glad to be able to promise Valaine that for she didn't want to be a wallflower all the time. But she was secretly thinking of Geoffrey. Would he be at the ball? Would he asked her to dance with him?

Was He A Thief?

VALAINE was a marvellous dancer—Caryll soon realised that. Held in his arms, circling round the brilliantly lit, flower-decked room, part of a throng of beautifully gowned women and their well-tailored partners, was very exhilarating.

She caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror—of a slimly rounded figure in a dress of white lace, exquisitely moulded to her form; starry eyes; shining hair. Who would believe that yesterday she had been an overworked, much-bullied little maid, frantically packing for her mistress' sea-trip, and thanking Heaven that the yacht's accommodation was too limited to allow Lady Marie to take her along?

What would Lady Marie say when she discovered that Geoffrey wasn't on the cruise after all?

Then she saw him enter the ballroom. As she circled past on Valaine's arm, she smiled at him again, invitingly, and her heart raced. Would he ask her to dance—*would* he?

The music stopped. They applauded, then turned to seek their chairs. Suddenly she drew in a quick breath.

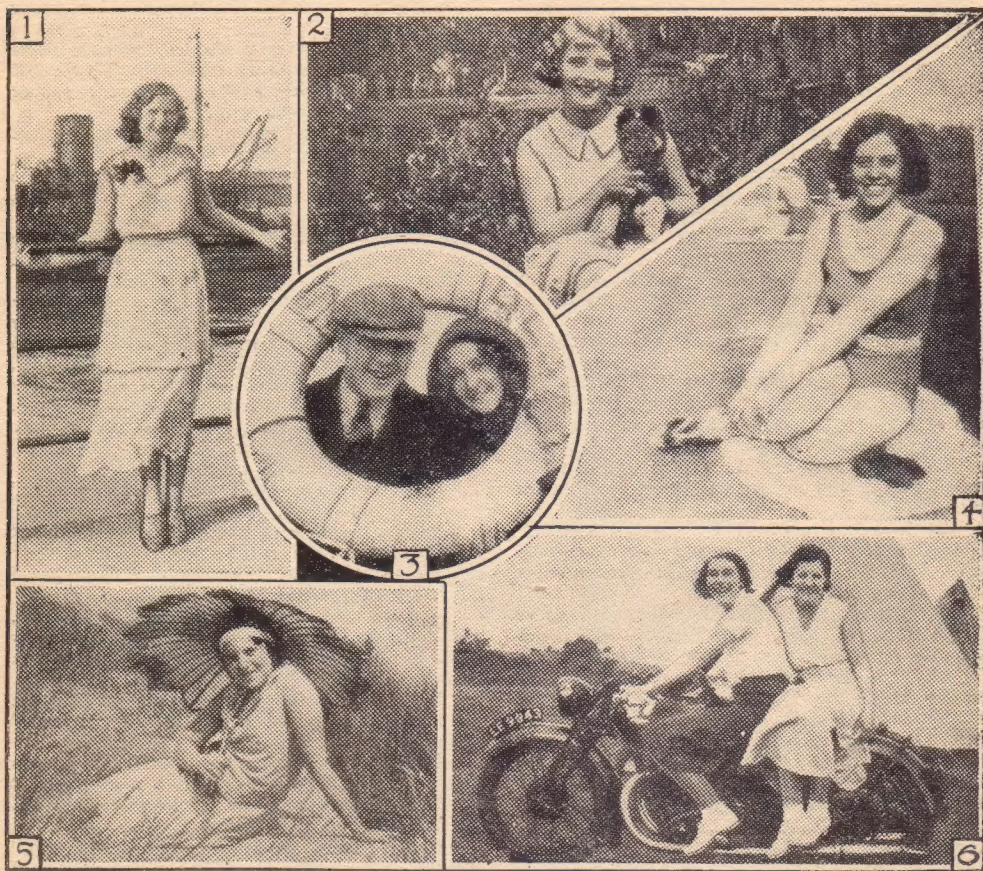
Geoffrey was coming straight towards them. His face, however, was grim and unsmiling.

"Pardon me, but have you lost your necklace?" he said.

Caryll put her hand quickly to her throat. Then she turned pale.

"Why—it's gone!" she cried.

Her necklace, or rather, Lady Marie's necklace



Here are the first week's jolly winners in our Snapshot Competition: (1) Minnie Salt, 31, Byron Street, Derby; (2) Dinkie Naish, 108, High Street, Southampton; (3) H. Garner, Esq., 255, Park Lane, Paynton, Stockport; (4) Katie Harwood, 13, Oddfellows Street, Scholis, near Cleckheaton, Yorks.; (5) Miss H. Shave, 51, Hillbrow Road, West Southbourne, Bournemouth; (6) Louie Jones, 61, Fuller Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs. If you have not already sent in your entry, read about this jolly competition on page 24, and fill in the free coupon on page 36.

—borrowed without her permission, too—was no longer there!

Geoffrey turned to Valaine.

"Perhaps you will kindly return this lady's property?" he said.

With a look of blazing hatred at Geoffrey, Valaine put his hand in his pocket, and produced the necklace!

He handed it to Caryll, who took it, still dumb with amazement. Then he turned on Geoffrey.

"How dare you!" he said thickly. "Do you insinuate I am a thief? The catch must have broken, and I caught it as it slipped from Miss Despard's neck. I was just going to give it back to her when you spoke."

"That may be true—but I advise you to get out. If anything else should be missed, I shall inform the

management of this affair," Geoffrey answered curtly.

Baffled rage distorting his features, Valaine gazed furiously at Geoffrey, and then at Caryll. But her eyes were on the other man, and she scarcely saw the foreigner go.

"Thank you very much indeed, Mr. Ormonde," she said at last. "Do you think he really meant to steal it?"

"Undoubtedly," he answered. "I've met him before, and some very shady things always manage to happen when he's about. If he had really meant to return it to you, he wouldn't have slipped it in his pocket."

Caryll laughed. "As a matter of fact, he'd have got a bit of a surprise if he'd really managed to get away with these!" she said. "They're only imitations, you know."

Hadn't Lady Marie taken most of her real jewellery with her, and sent the rest to Safe Deposit? This necklace, Caryll had found among her artificial jewellery, and admiring its brilliant loveliness, had impulsively borrowed it for her fortnight's holiday.

"Are they really?" Geoffrey looked surprised. "By Jove, no wonder he was taken in! They're marvellous reproductions. Still, it would be foolish to wear the real thing at an affair like this."

While they spoke, he was guiding her to a secluded settee behind some palms.

Caryll was trying to fasten the necklace round her throat again.

"Let me help," said Geoffrey. He took the necklace from her and as he did so his fingers touched her neck. That touch set her pulses racing, her heart beating so loudly that she thought he must surely hear it.

"It's no use," he said finally. "I'm afraid the catch really is damaged. Look here, I'll take it into a jeweller's to-morrow morning and get them to repair the catch for you."

"Thank you very much. It's too kind of you," smiled Caryll, and he slipped the necklace in his pocket.

"By the way, I've a terrible confession to make," he continued. "I know that we've met somewhere before, but I must admit that I can't remember when, where, or how!"

"Why, it was at a cocktail party at the Hughes'," Caryll answered glibly. The Hughes, who entertained a great deal, were friends of Lady Marie's.

"Oh!" he said. "Of course. They are such crushes, aren't they? I hope you don't think me terribly rude. I can't imagine how I could have met you—and then forgotten."

Caryll told herself that his words were just the sort of compliment any man might pay any woman, but all the same, she treasured them hungrily.

Would The Man She Loved Find Out That She Was An Adventuress?

THE orchestra struck up again, and they danced. Geoffrey was not such a finished partner as Valaine, but there was something so big and strong and manly about him which more than made up for lack of technique.

Caryll had never, in her wildest dreams, imagined bliss so wonderful as this—to be swaying in Geoffrey Ormonde's arms to the strains of dreamy music, a throbbing, sensuous tango that set her heart wildly beating and her thoughts soaring to delicious, forbidden things.

Now and then she stole a glance up at him, always to meet his eyes gazing down at her, an eager glow in their depths.

When the dance ended, he said:

"It's hot in here, isn't it? Won't you come out on to a little balcony I know, and let me show you my favourite view—Torhaven by moonlight?"

With beating heart she followed him out on the balcony. Within her, caution was whispering that she should tell him the truth now—tell him that she was Lady Marie's maid. He might be furious if she waited till later—he might never forgive her. But

the other stronger and passionate part of her, would not listen.

"If I can win him now, like this, why shouldn't I?" she cried in her heart. "If he isn't a snob, it will make no difference whether he learns it now or later. I can't spoil—to-night."

There were wicker chairs on the balcony, and palms which screened them from the ballroom.

A cry of delight broke from Caryll's lips as she went to the stone coping and leant over. "Oh, how wonderful!"

Below them, forming a perfect horseshoe, was the bay. The lights along the promenade were reflected in the water, like a double row of twinkling jewels.

The melody of the band in the room behind them drifted out faintly; from the hotel garden below rich perfumes rose on the still evening air. Caryll stood perfectly still, drinking in all the beauty of it.

Geoff had come up behind her, and was standing very close. She made a lovely picture as she stood there, the moonlight making a halo of her hair, her eyes large and darkly beautiful.

She felt his hand touch her arm.

"I just wanted to make sure you were real," he said apologetically.

"Nothing seems real to-night," Caryll laughed tremulously. "Look at those palms—look at their reflection in the sea. It's all rather like what I imagine the Riviera must be."

"Haven't you been?" Geoff said in surprise, and Caryll bit her lip. The set to which he and Lady Marie belonged spent their winters over there as a matter of course.

"No, but I hope to go—some day," she replied. "I hope you are not leaving Torhaven soon?"

he said.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't stay more than a fortnight. After that I've got—other engagements." She smiled to herself at that. A nice way of describing her duties as Lady Marie's maid!

"I only came down for a long week-end," Geoffrey said presently. "As a matter of fact I postponed a yachting cruise on account of business pressure, but now—I simply must stay longer."

He caught her hand, as it lay on the balustrade. "Do you care," he whispered, "whether I go or stay?"

"Why—yes," Caryll answered simply. "I hope you'll stay."

Inwardly her heart was exalting. He hadn't cared enough for Lady Marie to go on that cruise, but he could make time to stay on at Torhaven—if she wanted him.

She raised a smiling face to him. The next moment he had caught her in his arms, and held her there. She waited for his lips to touch hers—but he did not kiss her. For one heavenly moment they stood there, heart touching heart, and then he let her go.

"Forgive me," he said huskily. "I forgot for a moment that I'd only met you properly to-night for the first time. I feel as if I had known you always."

"I know—I have that feeling too. I wasn't angry with you," she answered frankly.

Inside the orchestra played the National Anthem. Then the lights began to go out, slowly.



Was his accusation true? Had she been the innocent victim of this man's treachery?

"I'm afraid we'll simply have to say good night," Caryll said.

"Then let's say it out here," Geoffrey begged.

She held out her hand to him. He caught it, then her arm, and drew her to him.

She laughed deliciously as she went into his arms. Night of moon-madness, made for loving! Surely some enchantment was at work, weaving a spell round them, making them cast everything to the wind except the rapture of nearness.

His lips held hers for a long moment. Then, slowly, he let her go, and laughed.

"I can scarcely wait until to-morrow," he said huskily.

AND yet, when to-morrow came, he had gone! Amazing and incredulous it seemed. But it was true!

Caryll, dazed and numbed, was unable to believe it. She did not see him at breakfast next morning. That was her first disappointment. She had come down, expectant, joyous, wondering how they would face each other in broad light of day after the moonlit rapture of last night.

But he didn't appear. Afterwards, she sat on the hotel veranda, watching the sun-dappled waves, and looking like a flaming poppy in a slim-fitting scarlet silk frock. The morning drifted on, and still he did not come. Finally, in desperation, she had written a short note to him, saying:

Lazy, are you never coming down? The sea looks gorgeous and I'm dying for a bathe.

CARYLL.

But the page boy to whom she gave it returned shortly afterwards.

"Mr. Ormonde is not in the hotel," he said. "The Commissionaire says he left early this morning."

Caryll looked at him blankly.

"You must be mistaken," she said. "I meant Mr. Geoffrey Ormonde? Perhaps there are two Mr. Ormondes here?"

But the boy assured her there was only one, and that he was no longer there.

She was merely puzzled at first. He must have been called away—he would return soon. There would be a message from him explaining, perhaps. At intervals she returned to the reception clerk's desk in the hotel lounge, and asked if any letter had come for her yet. And the reply was always the same. There was nothing for her.

It wasn't until she saw the reception clerk looking at her in an obviously pitying manner that she realised how she was betraying herself.

"I'm expecting something urgent—send any message to me as soon as it comes," she said finally.

Somehow the day passed. She dressed for dinner with great care. Her hope had revived. He would be there, and explain to her; he *must* have left a note, and it had miscarried. She donned a black

Hadn't Lady Marie taken most of her real jewellery with her, and sent the rest to Safe Deposit? This necklace, Caryll had found among her artificial jewellery, and admiring its brilliant loveliness, had impulsively borrowed it for her fortnight's holiday.

"Are they really?" Geoffrey looked surprised. "By Jove, no wonder he was taken in! They're marvellous reproductions. Still, it would be foolish to wear the real thing at an affair like this."

While they spoke, he was guiding her to a secluded settee behind some palms.

Caryll was trying to fasten the necklace round her throat again.

"Let me help," said Geoffrey. He took the necklace from her and as he did so his fingers touched her neck. That touch set her pulses racing, her heart beating so loudly that she thought he must surely hear it.

"It's no use," he said finally. "I'm afraid the catch really is damaged. Look here, I'll take it into a jeweller's to-morrow morning and get them to repair the catch for you."

"Thank you very much. It's too kind of you," smiled Caryll, and he slipped the necklace in his pocket.

"By the way, I've a terrible confession to make," he continued. "I know that we've met somewhere before, but I must admit that I can't remember when, where, or how!"

"Why, it was at a cocktail party at the Hughes'," Caryll answered glibly. The Hughes, who entertained a great deal, were friends of Lady Marie's.

"Oh!" he said. "Of course. They are such crushes, aren't they? I hope you don't think me terribly rude. I can't imagine how I could have met you—and then forgotten."

Caryll told herself that his words were just the sort of compliment any man might pay any woman, but all the same, she treasured them hungrily.

Would The Man She Loved Find Out That She Was An Adventuress?

THE orchestra struck up again, and they danced. Geoffrey was not such a finished partner as Valaine, but there was something so big and strong and manly about him which more than made up for lack of technique.

Caryll had never, in her wildest dreams, imagined bliss so wonderful as this—to be swaying in Geoffrey Ormonde's arms to the strains of dreamy music, a throbbing, sensuous tango that set her heart wildly beating and her thoughts soaring to delicious, forbidden things.

Now and then she stole a glance up at him, always to meet his eyes gazing down at her, an eager glow in their depths.

When the dance ended, he said:

"It's hot in here, isn't it? Won't you come out on to a little balcony I know, and let me show you my favourite view—Torhaven by moonlight?"

With beating heart she followed him out on the balcony. Within her, caution was whispering that she should tell him the truth now—tell him that she was Lady Marie's maid. He might be furious if she waited till later—he might never forgive her. But

the other stronger and passionate part of her, would not listen.

"If I can win him now, like this, why shouldn't I?" she cried in her heart. "If he isn't a snob, it will make no difference whether he learns it now or later. I can't spoil—to-night."

There were wicker chairs on the balcony, and palms which screened them from the ballroom.

A cry of delight broke from Caryll's lips as she went to the stone coping and leant over. "Oh, how wonderful!"

Below them, forming a perfect horseshoe, was the bay. The lights along the promenade were reflected in the water, like a double row of twinkling jewels.

The melody of the band in the room behind them drifted out faintly; from the hotel garden below rich perfumes rose on the still evening air. Caryll stood perfectly still, drinking in all the beauty of it.

Geoff had come up behind her, and was standing very close. She made a lovely picture as she stood there, the moonlight making a halo of her hair, her eyes large and darkly beautiful.

She felt his hand touch her arm.

"I just wanted to make sure you were real," he said apologetically.

"Nothing seems real to-night," Caryll laughed tremulously. "Look at those palms—look at their reflection in the sea. It's all rather like what I imagine the Riviera must be."

"Haven't you been?" Geoff said in surprise, and Caryll bit her lip. The set to which he and Lady Marie belonged spent their winters over there as a matter of course.

"No, but I hope to go—some day," she replied.

"I hope you are not leaving Torhaven soon?" he said.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't stay more than a fortnight. After that I've got—other engagements." She smiled to herself at that. A nice way of describing her duties as Lady Marie's maid!

"I only came down for a long week-end," Geoffrey said presently. "As a matter of fact I postponed a yachting cruise on account of business pressure, but now—I simply must stay longer."

He caught her hand, as it lay on the balustrade.

"Do you care," he whispered, "whether I go or stay?"

"Why—yes," Caryll answered simply. "I hope you'll stay."

Inwardly her heart was exalting. He hadn't cared enough for Lady Marie to go on that cruise, but he could make time to stay on at Torhaven—if she wanted him.

She raised a smiling face to him. The next moment he had caught her in his arms, and held her there. She waited for his lips to touch hers—but he did not kiss her. For one heavenly moment they stood there, heart touching heart, and then he let her go.

"Forgive me," he said huskily. "I forgot for a moment that I'd only met you properly to-night for the first time. I feel as if I had known you always."

"I know—I have that feeling too. I wasn't angry with you," she answered frankly.

Inside the orchestra played the National Anthem; Then the lights began to go out, slowly.



Was his accusation true? Had she been the innocent victim of this man's treachery?

"I'm afraid we'll simply have to say good night," Caryll said.

"Then let's say it out here," Geoffrey begged.

She held out her hand to him. He caught it, then her arm, and drew her to him.

She laughed deliciously as she went into his arms. Night of moon-madness, made for loving! Surely some enchantment was at work, weaving a spell round them, making them cast everything to the wind except the rapture of nearness.

His lips held hers for a long moment. Then, slowly, he let her go, and laughed.

"I can scarcely wait until to-morrow," he said huskily.

AND yet, when to-morrow came, he had gone!

Amazing and incredulous it seemed. But it was true!

Caryll, dazed and numbed, was unable to believe it. She did not see him at breakfast next morning. That was her first disappointment. She had come down, expectant, joyous, wondering how they would face each other in broad light of day after the moonlit rapture of last night.

But he didn't appear. Afterwards, she sat on the hotel veranda, watching the sun-dappled waves, and looking like a flaming poppy in a slim-fitting scarlet silk frock. The morning drifted on, and still he did not come. Finally, in desperation, she had written a short note to him, saying:

Lazy, are you never coming down? The sea looks gorgeous and I'm dying for a bathe.

CARYLL.

But the page boy to whom she gave it returned shortly afterwards.

"Mr. Ormonde is not in the hotel," he said. "The Commissionaire says he left early this morning."

Caryll looked at him blankly.

"You must be mistaken," she said. "I meant Mr. Geoffrey Ormonde? Perhaps there are two Mr. Ormondes here?"

But the boy assured her there was only one, and that he was no longer there.

She was merely puzzled at first. He must have been called away—he would return soon. There would be a message from him explaining, perhaps. At intervals she returned to the reception clerk's desk in the hotel lounge, and asked if any letter had come for her yet. And the reply was always the same. There was nothing for her.

It wasn't until she saw the reception clerk looking at her in an obviously pitying manner that she realised how she was betraying herself.

"I'm expecting something urgent—send any message to me as soon as it comes," she said finally.

Somehow the day passed. She dressed for dinner with great care. Her hope had revived. He would be there, and explain to her; he *must* have left a note, and it had miscarried. She donned a black

velvet frock which threw up the astonishing fairness of her skin, and was looking for the necklace to complete her toilette, when she remembered that Geoffrey had promised to have it repaired for her.

She hoped he wouldn't lose it—Lady Marie would be annoyed.

To her intense disappointment, his table was empty. Pierre Valaine sat alone to-night, and watched her. There was a smile on his face that she hated.

She was sipping coffee in the lounge after dinner when Valaine crossed to her side.

"Your gallant rescuer has gone, I see," he remarked.

Caryll smiled carelessly, although his words cut her like a whip.

"I have been wondering whether I should not sue him for libel," he went on. "But it wouldn't be worth it. I knew him in Town, and I've heard he is terribly hard-up. You're not wearing your necklace to-night, I see."

"No. I'm having the catch repaired," Caryll replied.

"Ah, I'm glad it is safe," he said. He asked her to dance with him, but Caryll refused, and he did not press her very much. He went away, and she was left to her thoughts of Geoffrey.

Was it because he regretted last night that he had gone so suddenly? Had the moonlight, and the romance, made him say things he did not really mean?

Oh, no, she could not, would not, believe that. There had been a ring of sincerity in his voice—he wasn't the type who loves and rides away. And yet—wasn't he? Hadn't Lady Marie expected him to propose to her? Hadn't she been so confident of it that she had boasted to her friends? But he had drawn back from that cruise at the last moment on a made-up excuse.

Had she given her heart to a philanderer—a flirt?

Would he send back the necklace? Although only paste, it was probably worth ten pounds or so. And as she didn't know where Lady Marie had bought it, she couldn't replace it. If she had to confess what she had done, her mistress would certainly sack her for it, if she was in a bad mood.

Had He Deceived Her—Flirted With Her Only So That He Could Rob Her?

TWO days passed—and still no word or sign from Geoffrey. All the joy of what she had expected to be a marvellous holiday had gone. She hated Torhaven now—hated the Majestic Palace. She only stayed on because deep down in her heart a faint hope lingered that she might see Geoffrey Ormonde again. If she didn't stay there, how could he return the necklace to her?

So she bathed, strolled on the promenade, sunned in the hotel garden, flirted desperately, but without enjoyment.

There was no lack of cavaliers for one so young, lovely, and well-dressed as Caryll, and prominent

among her swains was Pierre Valaine. He was continually trying to discover who she really was. She looked like a Society girl, dressed like one, and seemed to have plenty of money. If he could have been certain that she was all that she appeared, he would have become serious. But he was too wily to commit himself without something definite behind it all.

One morning, soon after an early breakfast, Caryll went for a stroll along the front, deserted at this comparatively early hour. She stopped outside a newspaper kiosk. She wanted something to read.

Suddenly her eyes grew round, amazed. From the front page of an illustrated newspaper, there stared up at her a large photograph of herself! And underneath:

MISSING LADY'S MAID.

WHERE IS CARYLL DESPARD?

With trembling fingers she laid down a penny, and took up a copy of the newspaper. Then, somehow or other, she found her way to a seat on the empty promenade and read the lines beneath her photograph:

The police are looking for Caryll Despard, maid to Lady Marie Hawke, who has vanished, as also has a diamond necklace, valued at £2,000, belonging to her mistress. Lady Marie returned unexpectedly from a yachting cruise yesterday, to find that the necklace, which she only purchased a few days ago, and forgot to take with her, had vanished. Her maid has also disappeared, leaving no address.

The police were searching for her—her!

Caryll let the paper fall to the ground, and stared terror-stricken before her. The necklace had been real, after all. Pierre Valaine had known it; Geoffrey Ormonde had known it!

That last thought blinded her to every other consideration for a time. Could he, the supposedly wealthy man-about-town, have stooped so low as to work up a love-affair solely for the purpose of robbing her?

While she had been hating herself for deceiving him, had he been playing a far more cruel deception on her?

What was she to do? If she had still possessed the necklace, her duty would have been quite plain. She could have gone to the police, handed it over, and convinced them that she was not, intentionally, a thief.

But how could she go to them, tell them how she had been robbed by a man in whom she trusted. They might not believe her. And, if they did, they would promptly transfer their search to Geoffrey. Meanwhile, they would probably arrest her and hold her prisoner until they found him!

She shuddered. A fierce anger was welling up in her heart against Geoffrey. Her heart felt bruised, aching. Geoffrey had hurt her more than she would have believed it possible for any man to do—and yet she did not want the police to punish him.

She wanted to do it herself! Her hands clenched and unclenched slowly. Her eyes glittered with a feverish brilliance. The numb pain in her heart was slowly giving way to a peculiar hardness. If ever she should meet Geoffrey Ormonde again—let him beware!

Slowly, dazedly, she turned back to the hotel. She had almost reached it when she stopped abruptly, and gave a gasp.

In the entrance stood the hotel manager—with a policeman! They were glancing in the other direction, and she had just time to step behind a tree before they turned.

Someone had seen that photograph in the paper, and shown it to the manager. He must have summoned the police. That the constable was looking for her she did not doubt.

She mustn't be found. Now, when arrest was imminent, quivering terror seized her.

She turned, and fled. There was no formed plan in her mind. She only knew that she must get away as far and as quickly as possible from the arm of the law.

A large green bus was turning a corner away from the front. Frantically she signalled to it, and caught it just as it was moving off.

She bought a ticket. "All the way," she said. But how could she hope to escape detection? Sooner or later she would be discovered. She crouched in a corner of the bus, keeping her face averted from the other passengers, gazing unseeingly out of the window.

So this was what her glorious love-dream had brought her to! She was a fugitive from justice, dreading every moment that she would be marched off to a prison cell!

"I WANT a black wig, please—for amateur theatricals."

Caryll tried to keep her voice steady—to make it sound as natural as possible. The little old man behind the counter in the Exeter Theatrical Costumier's did not seem to see anything unusual in the request.

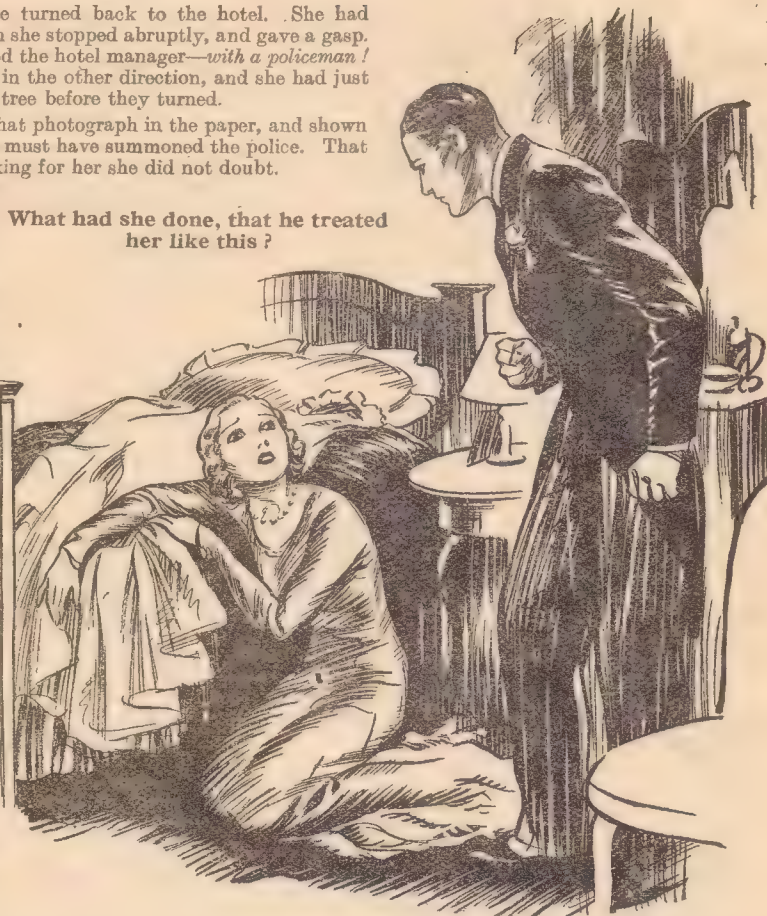
"Here you are, here's a box of them. Like to try one on?" he said.

She selected a plentiful mop of black glossy curls—hair as unlike her own fine-spun golden bob as possible.

Turning to a spotted mirror, she put it on. Then she looked at herself and gasped.

"Don't I look different?" she said. "I'll take this one, and"—as if the thought had just occurred to her—"I think I'll keep it on, please. I'd like to play a joke on some friends."

What had she done, that he treated her like this?



"Wouldn't you like some make-up to go with it," said the old man.

"Oh, yes, please, and I'd like to put some of it on now," she agreed. Under his guidance she coated her face with a grease paint which tinted her skin a creamy shade. Then she applied eye-black and lip-stick lavishly.

"There now!" smiled the old man, taking her money. "I guess not even your sweetheart would know you, eh? Thanks, Miss. Good morning."

Not even your sweetheart would know you!

Caryll smiled bitterly, and went out of the dark little shop, blinking, into the sunshine. Could she but meet Geoffrey Ormonds now—! Had he gone back to his old life in London, thinking she dared not give him away? Some day she would find him again. That was what she lived for now.

In spite of her disguise, she daren't stay in Exeter. It was too near Torhaven; the police might be searching for her there even now. And the railways were dangerous—they would be watched.

At last she found what she sought—a motor-coach bound for London. She would leave it somewhere en route, change on to another, make it as difficult to trace her movements as possible. It was strange how being hunted was sharpening her wits.

She remained on the coach, however, until it reached Maidenlow-on-Thames. She had stayed on until then because she hated leaving its comfort and security. But at Maidenlow something went wrong with the engine and the conductor announced a stop of an hour to put it to rights.

With the other passengers, Caryll got down from the coach and went for a stroll. Her footsteps turned towards the river. Just before she reached the water's-edge she saw a stately old mansion, with gorgeous green lawns, and profusely coloured flower-beds. There was a large veranda covered with little tables and chairs, and a big glass-enclosed sun-lounge.

The only thing which revealed that it was not the private residence of a millionaire was an archway over the big iron gateway with the words *The Queen of Clubs*, and, for a sign, a large painted playing card, bearing a Queen of Clubs.

Immediately Caryll recollected having heard of the place. A riverside resort, with a reputation for fastness among its members. So this was it—this typical English mansion peacefully bathed in hot sunshine, with a tempting glimpse of rippling river behind it!

She was moving on when a white notice nailed to the gatepost caught her eye.

Waitress Wanted.

Here was her chance! Caryll hesitated only a moment, then pushed open the gate and walked up the carriage drive.

"So you want a job as a waitress. H'm? Had any experience?"

An eagle-eyed little manager looked Caryll keenly up and down in the office to which she was shown.

"No, but I'm quick to learn. I've always been in private service up till now."

"Well, well, I dare say you could soon pick up the work. And now, what about references?"

Caryll looked at him blankly. References! She had forgotten those!

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't—I left my last place unexpectedly, and—" she trailed off, looked at him pleadingly.

"Awfully sorry. 'Fraid you're only wasting my time. No experience, and no references! Good morning!"

Caryll turned and stumbled to the door. Her disappointment was intense. Apart from the fact that she would have to get a job some time, for her money could not last very long, there was the feeling of security a job would have given her. The police wouldn't expect a diamond thief to work as a waitress.

Just as she reached the door, it was flung open so violently that it struck her. She staggered back with a cry.

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I'm very sorry." A middle-aged man dressed in a rather loud checked suit, caught her arm. "Who are you, eh?"

"Applying for a post, but I'm afraid she won't

do, Mr. Salvesson," said the manager hurriedly. "No experience, and no references, you see."

"What does experience—or references—matter with a face like hers? Of course she'll do," said Victor Salvesson. "That's all right, my dear," he said to Caryll. "Start to-night. Pay-thirty shillings a week and commission."

"Oh, thank you, sir," Caryll stammered, quite bewildered by his rapidity.

"But, Mr. Salvesson, she's not a dancer, but a waitress," said the Manager quickly.

"What—a waitress! You!" Salvesson roared, and his whole frame shook with laughter. "With a face like yours!" he repeated. "Nonsense. Can you dance? Of course you can. Right-oh. Come to-night at nine and ask for Mrs. Bates. She'll look after you and fit you out with a costume. What's your name?"

"Car—" on the verge of betraying herself, Caryll broke off.

"Kathy Clare," she ended.

"Right-oh, Kathy. We'll give you a week's trial, anyhow."

A Man Had Let Her Down!

THINGS that Caryll Despard would never have dared do—or say—seemed to come quite naturally to Kathy Clare. Perhaps it was the disguise that did it. It was rather like being in fancy dress. She didn't mind how mad and bad she became—as Kathy Clare.

She was dancing now, alone and the audience was spellbound.

Her dance ended. She bowed gracefully to the storm of applause and ran from the ballroom.

The orchestra struck up a tune, and the dancers took the floor. A minute or two later, Caryll returned to the room, and Victor Salvesson beckoned to her.

"Here's someone who wants to dance with you, Kathy," he said, and introduced a new member. "Be nice to him—he's a very important person."

"You'd be surprised—how nice I can be," she answered gaily. Victor moved off, and she started to dance with her new acquaintance.

"I was watching you do your turn—and I think you're just marvellous," murmured the man.

"Good!" Caryll returned lightly. "I hope you'll tell Victor so!" The dancing ended, and they sat down at a small table. A bottle of cheap champagne at an expensive price was placed before them.

That was what Caryll had come to now. Dancing with any man who came along. That was her job. Oh, well, what did it matter? What did anything matter?

Dressed in a black, almost skin-tight satin dress, her black wig of curls standing out wildly round her head, a black velvet beauty spot on one cheek, and vividly scarlet lips in an otherwise white face, she was one of the most striking figures at the club.

She was always laughing, always dancing, always gay and entertaining. Her eyes glittered feverishly bright; often a hectic flush on her cheeks showed through the heavy coating of powder. Of all the

gay, wild crowd who frequented the Queen of Clubs, Kathy Clare was the gayest and the wildest. They often called her "Queen."

She dared not stop laughing, or dancing. If she did, she might start thinking. And she didn't want to think. It still hurt too much, in spite of the fierce bitter things she said.

Afternoons from three till six, and nights from nine till three in the morning—nine hours a day, continually on the go. No wonder she was glad to get back to her shabby boarding house, and almost fall into bed and sleep like a log for another ten hours or so, until it was time to be up and off to the club again.

Possibly because she played up to everyone's idea of what a night club girl should be, Caryll was a great hit. She never let the club down. Whenever a lull set in, she would spring up with some new, daring idea, and the wilder and more provocative she was, the more the frequenters of the Queen of Clubs seemed to like it.

The other girls were inclined to be jealous.



What Men Made Her

HERE is a dazzling story of London night life—of passion and power—glamour and emotion—thrills and tears. A drama of a girl against life: a girl whom men had hardened and made heartless; who no longer cared what the world thought of her.

SHE had once dreamed of love—but a man's brutal act of injustice changed her, and made her what she became—A TEMPTRESS IN SATIN—alluring, maddening, as dangerous as she was desirable. She was a heart breaker—a ruthless siren! Did she ever regret shutting out the greatest thing in life—LOVE?

READ THE BRILLIANT OPENING CHAPTERS EXCLUSIVELY IN NEXT SATURDAY'S ISSUE OF

BETTY'S PAPER

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

A GREAT NEW
EMOTIONAL
DRAMA BY

Isobel
Inglis

BEGINS
EXCLUSIVELY
IN NEXT
WEEK'S ISSUE

"You'll get us all a bad name, if you go on like this," one of them said to her in the dressing-room one night. "Why are you so down on the men?"

"Because some man has let her down, I guess," said another, and they all laughed.

For once Caryll's gay carelessness forsook her.

"Shut up!" she cried fiercely through clenched teeth.

There was a sudden silence in the dressing-room, then someone hurriedly changed the subject. But they all looked at her curiously, and she knew they guessed.

Some man had "let Kathy Clare down!" That was why she was so reckless and wild.

Let her down—yes! But just how terribly no one knew. The police had apparently ceased to search for Caryll Despard. After a day or two the case had dropped completely out of the newspapers. After all, the great British public didn't care two pins about a Society girl's diamonds. But no doubt the police would be glad to find her—she would be "wanted" until the end.

And it wasn't as if Geoffrey was the love of just one night. For months before, since the first day she had set eyes on him, she had cherished a secret dream of which he was the hero.

Then he had made love to her, and for one wonderful night she had tasted heaven. After all, to find that he had just been playing with her whilst he robbed her—oh, it left a wound so deep and bitter in her heart that it seemed as if it would never heal.

What did it matter if Kathy Clare had no reputation? Caryll Despard's was gone, and she had done nothing to deserve it.

And then—one night, Geoffrey came to the Queen of Clubs!

It was a River Gala Night at the club. Some of the habitués were in evening dress, others in bathing rig. Caryll, in a daring orange backless bathing suit, was disporting herself in the water, when a boy called Dicky Crosby, who was madly infatuated with her, appeared on the landing stage.

"Hello, Dicky!" Caryll cried. "Why don't you come in?"

"Right-oh! I will!" he answered, and plunged in.

There was a loud shout of laughter in which Caryll joined. Dicky came to the surface, spluttering, and went under again. When he came up his hands clawed wildly in the air, then he disappeared again.

Caryll realised what had happened. He could not swim, and was out of his depth. She caught him just as he was going down for the third time and struck out for the shore.

Willing hands helped them out, and some new arrivals stopped to watch them. She was bending over Dicky, when she heard a voice cry:

She Was Deliberately Leading Him On.

CARYLL knelt where she was, frozen. That voice was Geoffrey's, she knew. But by the most terrific effort of will-power, she restrained herself, and did not even glance round.

Dicky's eyes opened. He was coughing up some brandy that willing hands had poured down his throat.

"All right now, Dicky?" Caryll said. "That's good. I'll go and dress." She darted off without a backward glance.

In the dressing-room, she leant against the door dizzily for a moment. What was she to do? Swiftly she made up her mind. She must play a daring game. Caryll Despard didn't exist. No matter what Geoffrey said, she was Kathy Clare.

She changed with trembling fingers. In the water her black wig had been practically all concealed by her bathing cap, and her make-up, had, of course, been almost completely washed off. Now she combed out the wig again, making the black curls stand out more wildly than ever. Then she plastered her make-up on thickly.

The ballroom at the Queen of Clubs had long, french windows, opening on to a balcony over the river. To-night there was dancing on the balcony as well as in the ballroom, and couples were circling in and out of the windows.

Caryll stood, hand on hip, watching the scene

with a smile. But her eyes were searching round feverishly for Geoffrey Ormonde.

At last she saw him. He was talking to another of the dance partners.

"Hi, Kathy!" the girl called, when she saw Caryll. "Here's someone who wants to meet the heroine of the evening. He's been worrying me to death to find the girl who fished Dicky Crosby out of the water."

Caryll went forward to meet Geoffrey. She smiled up at him alluringly, provocatively. She saw him looking down at her with puzzled eyes, and a creased forehead.

"When I first saw you, bending over that young man, I could have sworn that you were someone else," he said.

"And I thought I was unique!" Caryll pouted. "Who was she—my double? Someone very beautiful?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Someone very beautiful."

"Well—let's see if I can't make you forget her—for a little while. Won't you dance with me? That's my job, you know."

She was Kathy Clare again, laughing, twinkling, wicked Kathy Clare; throwing roguish inviting glances up at him from the corners of her eyes—while her whole body in that sheath-like black satin frock swayed in time to the orchestra's tune.

They danced together, not once but many times. And Caryll was exalting.

"He doesn't know me—this is my chance! Once he made me suffer. Now I can pay him back."

Her mind seethed with plans.

"I'll win him again as Kathy Clare. But this time, I shan't be the cheated one—he will. I'll get him to fall in love with me. And then he shall suffer as I have done."

GEOFFREY came to the Queen of Clubs again and again. Every night he haunted the club, and commandeered Caryll completely.

Dicky Crosby was definitely relegated to one of the other partners to console him as best she could.

The girls congratulated her on her latest conquest, and Caryll glowed with triumph. By every means and art in her power she led him on—fanned the flame of his desire.

But so far, she had not attained her object. Geoffrey Ormonde would make ardent love to her; sitting out in one of the many secluded corners provided by a thoughtful management, he would tell her how much he wanted her—and that he could not live without her. But never did he propose, or mention marriage.

And that was what Caryll was waiting for—playing for. He might kiss her hands, her eyes, her throat, but never did she allow him to kiss her lips. She would wait until his mouth was close to her own, and then she would laugh and avert her head, and the more did she tantalise and provoke him, the keener he grew.

ONE hot night Caryll was seized with a strangely restless mood. "To-night, I must bring him to the scratch. I can't go on like this—the waiting is so awful," she told herself.

(Continued on page 14.)



PETTED

by the STARS

Joan Crawford's
Tragedy—Gary
Cooper's New
Pet.

Ann Dvorak, First National Star, makes a pal of her parrot.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who is paying this country a visit for the first time in her life, looked very cheerful when I saw her, despite the minor tragedy that nearly made her postpone her visit.

"Woggles," Joan's pet Scotch terrier, died in hospital just before Joan started on holiday, and Joan sobbed, as only Joan can sob.

A few days later she arrived home to find that "Woggles'" five sons and daughters had all been cruelly drowned.

"Woggles" used to accompany her famous mistress everywhere, and, whilst Joan was before the camera, always sat patiently tied to her chair, watching her.

One famous actor refused to quarrel with Joan—before the camera, of course—until Joan's pet had been taken out of sight.

"Woggles" might not have known that it was only acting, and remembered it some time when she was not on the lead!

Joan may take back another Aberdeen terrier to Hollywood with her.

TALKING of pets, Janet Gaynor's faithful pal is a pedigree wire-haired fox terrier, who answers to the name of "Raggedy." Roland Young, who is making films in this country now, takes a Russian wolfhound for an airing every evening, whilst Gary Cooper's newest pet is a tiny chimpanzee, named "Toluca."

Gary arrived recently in Hollywood with this

homeless little waif he had found in the African jungle, wrapped up in a blanket.

Ann Dvorak, who is now Mrs. Leslie Fenton—a change of name predicted a long time ago—never takes "the dog for a walk!" Ann's taste in pets is a parrot!

A READER who notices things has pointed out that in *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*, when Leila Hyams is typing, slowly and with one finger, the sound of a typewriter moving quickly and rhythmically is heard.

Well, these things do happen.

In *Shanghai Express*, for instance, a French officer, at the beginning of the film, is unable to speak English. At the end of the film, only a few hours having taken place, he introduces a character to Marlene Dietrich, in *English*.

Lots of little errors like this slip by. See if you can spot one next time you visit the cinema.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS.

Joel McCrea and Tallulah Bankhead lunch, dine and dance together. So do Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway.

Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor are seen together again.

By now Evelyn Knapp may be Mrs. Donald Cook.

The Mary Brian—Russell Gleason romance has been revived, and friends are looking in shop windows for possible wedding presents.

ALFRED CONRAD.

SECRET LOVERS

(Continued from page 12.)

She rouged her lips, pencilled her carefully plucked eyebrows into fine arches, and combed the fringe of black curls across her forehead. No wonder Geoffrey didn't know her. How different from Caryll Despard she looked—how different she felt.

"Let's go out on the river," she said to Geoffrey when they met.

"Splendid idea," Geoffrey agreed. "But what about your dance?"

"That doesn't matter—nothing matters to-night," she replied recklessly.

A minute later he had secured a punt, and was handing her in. She insisted on taking the pole.

"I know the very spot for us," she said, wielding it gracefully, while Geoffrey lay back in the punt and watched her lazily.

Dusk had fallen, and a great silver moon was appearing above the tree-tops.

Caryll flashed the man a provocative glance, and found his eyes upon her with a look that made her heart thud wildly. "You are quiet to-night," she challenged. "What are you thinking of?"

"If you'll only stop somewhere, and come and sit beside me, I'll tell you," he replied.

"Here's my favourite little backwater," she replied, steering the punt skilfully into a little opening almost concealed by trees.

She made it fast and then sank down beside him. The moonlight, filtering through the lacy branches of the willow trees, shone upon their faces.

"This is nice, isn't it? Now, you promised to tell me your thoughts."

There was a little silence, then: "I was thinking of that girl—you know, the girl I mistook you for on the night we first met."

"Tell me about her," Caryll's heart beat rapidly.

"Are you in love with her?"

"I—was," he said slowly. "It's strange—you're so alike, and yet, so different. Her eyes were just like yours—but in every other way, you're different. I couldn't imagine her at the Queen of Clubs for instance."

"You never know," Caryll laughed bitterly, "what necessity may drive a girl to do."

"Do you like this sort of life?" he asked suddenly.

"Like it?" cried Caryll, violently. "No, I—I loathe it. But the job just fell at my feet when I was desperate, and now, who would employ me, except another place of the same kind—or worse?"

There was a deep, passionate note in her voice, and he knew she spoke the truth.

"Oh, Kathy, this is a rotten sort of life for you," he cried. "Let me take you out of it, and look after you. I'll be good to you, and you'll never regret it, I swear."

Caryll smiled into the darkness.

"You, too, Geoffrey? Why, I get lots of chances of that kind! But I'm not interested. When I do finally give up this life, it will only be because I am offered something that lasts—I mean marriage."

There was a long silence. Then Geoffrey caught up her hand, which was lying on his sleeve.

"There's something about you, Kathy, I don't know what it is, that holds me against my will. I love you, really love you, and I want you so much that I don't care who knows it. You were made for me, and I you. Will you marry me?"

She drew in her breath sharply. It had come at last! But when she spoke, her voice was calm and cool.

"You don't really mean it. When to-morrow comes, you'll think you must have been mad to-night. Men like you don't marry girls like me."

"But I want you—want you more than anything on earth, my sweetest one. I do want to marry you. I'll be honest, and admit that at first I did think that marriage between us was impossible, but now—I don't care what people say, I'll never know what real happiness is without you. Say you'll marry me, my darling."

His voice was husky with emotion. Caryll found herself thinking that he really meant what he said; that he was madly infatuated, she already knew. Now, when he drew her to him, she no longer held him off. An overpowering desire to lie in his arms again had seized her. She held up her mouth, and their lips met hungrily.

For a long time they lay thus, and the only sound that broke the silence was the lapping of the water against their punt.

At last she pulled herself out of his arms, slowly, reluctantly. She was remembering another night, and another kiss, at Torhaven. She had believed in him then, just as she wanted to do now. But her trust then had brought her untold misery. It must never do so again.

"Now," she said softly, "what does it feel like to be really and truly engaged, sweetheart?"

"You mean it, my angel? You really are going to marry me?" Geoffrey said humbly.

"Well, you asked me to, didn't you?" she teased. Even now, her mind was chaotic. One part of her cried out to forget the past—to grasp greedily at the happiness that offered now. But all these months she had sworn revenge. And now it was within her clutches. Should she let it go, only perhaps to be fooled again in the end? For the sake of the innocent, heart broken girl who had died when Kathy Clare was born, she must not weaken.

"Let's get married very soon, and keep it all to ourselves until after the ceremony," Geoffrey was entreating.

She Didn't Mean To Marry The Man She Loved.

CARYL laughed. "What! Get married in a hole and corner way. When it's my very first wedding, too! I'm going to have a grand splash. All the dance girls for bridesmaids. Victor to give me away. We'll hold the reception at the Queen of Clubs, too. I bet Victor will just worship us for the publicity he'll be able to get out of it in the newspapers."

"Kathy—you don't really mean it, sweetest!" he cried. "You don't really want a splash affair. You're only making fun of me!"

"Not on your life," she told him. "If you want

(Continued on page 34.)

forgot that Li Soo was the sister of the man he called friend. He only knew that Li Soo was very innocent and might easily believe all he said.

No real shame passed through his heart, no thought of the innocent love of his friend's sister, stolen, trampled for all time in the mud of worthless passion; nor any thought of Marcelle who waited for him in Hong Kong. Nothing save the exquisite thrill of this stolen love-affair with the prettiest girl he had ever seen in China, as he held her in his arms.

So engrossed were they in each other that neither of them knew that Li Chu had approached until he spoke.

"So this is how you return my friendship," he said passionately. "You could not have treated your worst enemy more cruelly. You have made my sister—my only living relation—your plaything."

"You are my guest now—so I will not touch you. But I will strike—later. As you have destroyed the honour of my name, so will I destroy the honour of yours."

A few days later Tom White faced Li Chu again, this time not as his guest, but as his prisoner, at the mandarin's Hong Kong mansion. At the other man's dictation, he was forced to write to Marcelle, asking her to come to him in the car that would be sent for her.

Marcelle never suspected a trap. Since Tom had come back from Li Chu's mansion in the interior of China he had been a perfect fiancé. She had believed that he was turning over a new leaf. She never guessed that fear was the reason for his changed character.

Even when she came face to face with Li Chu, alone with him in his house, she still suspected nothing. And then, sparing her nothing of the disillusionment of finding Tom unfaithful, Li Chu told her everything that had happened.

"That is why you are here," he ended. "To be tortured as your fiancé tortured my sister."

He swept aside a long, scarlet silk curtain. Through a mist of blinding tears Marcelle saw a bier of white flowers, on which lay the form of a young Chinese girl.

"She died because honour demanded that she should die," Li Chu said softly. "Through you shall she be avenged. As she amused for one hour the Englishman, so you shall amuse me—and so, too, shall you die!"

Would He Carry Out His Terrible Threat?

"AS my sister paid, so shall you pay, Miss Lang. As she died, when she had paid the penalty, so shall you die!"

Li Chu's voice, generally so impassive and calm, broke as he spoke the words. His eyes flashed scorn and hatred unspeakable. If ever Marcelle Lang had known fear it was at that moment.

Swaying back, she made one futile attempt to turn and escape. But as she did so she saw that a giant Chinese guard, blue-clad, and with the crest of the Li's upon his silken shoulder, stood before

the door, his arms across his great chest, impassively watching her, waiting for a word of command from his lord, Li Chu, before he dared to touch her.

It was useless to attempt to pass such a human barrier, and Marcelle did not try. She turned back, white and trembling, with but one idea in the world, and that to escape.

There lay the dead girl, Li Soo. In death she was even more beautiful and looked even more innocent than she had done in life. The very air of the room in which she lay was rendered thick and heady by the exotic scent of the white blooms which formed her bier. It was too pitiful to think that one so young and so lovely had perished because of Tom's treacherous cruelty.

Surely Li couldn't mean what he said? Again that hope came to Marcelle, and desperately she turned to him, holding out her hands, and putting all her heart into her appeal.

"Li Chu," she cried, "have pity on me. I did not do this thing. What Tom did was terrible—unforgivable. I shall not even try to forgive him. It is the act of a coward and a cad. I shall never willingly speak to him again. But I am not to blame."

Li Chu was watching her through half-closed eyes. It even seemed to the terrified girl that there was a malicious smile of triumph upon his lips. Had she but realised it, Marcelle would have known that the mandarin was not smiling at her terror, but rather at the thought that Tom White should soon know that Li Soo was being suitably revenged.

"You can say nothing that will shift my purpose, Miss Lang," he told her, his voice exasperatingly cool. "I have said what I have said, and I shall do what I shall do."

"What will you do?" cried Marcelle, shivering. Li raised his brows, as though surprised that the English girl found it necessary to ask the question.

"I thought I made that plain," he said, and studied Marcelle with a level gaze that somehow added to her terror. "My sister, Li Soo, was counted one of the most beautiful girls in China. You, I understand, are counted one of the most beautiful white girls in China. As your fiancé robbed my sister of all that a woman regards as beyond price and worth living for, so shall I rob you. As my sister died, dishonoured and disgraced, so shall you die!"

His voice rose terribly in hate and passion as he finished his words, and with a cry of abject horror Marcelle flung herself at his feet.

Forgotten now was the fact that she was Marcelle Lang, an English girl, with powerful friends in Hong Kong, forgotten was all save that she was at this yellow man's mercy—and he did not know the meaning of that word.

WITH the tears streaming down her cheeks, she asked for more than her life.

"Please, please have pity," she sobbed. "You can't mean it! You don't! I shall die first. I thought that you Chinese were just. Oh, I beg you have pity—have pity!"

With a contemptuous gesture Li Chu beckoned to his servant, who immediately stepped forward

and drew Marcelle to her feet, thrusting her into a chair, where she crouched, still sobbing, her eyes hidden from the horror about her.

"You will die when you have paid," Li Chu told her, coldly. "In the meantime," a sad, pathetic smile came to his lips, and he pointed to the dead girl, "you might be interested to learn, Miss Lang, that that poor little Chinese girl did not show such weakness as you are showing. She was brave!"

The words brought Marcelle some sort of courage. She fought back the wave of terror that surged through her body, and looked, for a silent moment, into Li Chu's face.

"All right," she said. "I understand what has happened. I am in your power—and there is no hope for me." She rose and stood before him, lovely and trembling, now as white as the girl who was dead. "I ask of you only one favour, Li Chu!"

Li seemed surprised at this sudden change in her mood.

"Yes?"

She threw open her arms. "You will have no mercy. You mean to punish me for a thing done by a man whom I now hate and despise with all my heart and soul. All I ask of you, if you have a spark of manhood in you, is—is to get it all over as quickly as possible. Do not keep me in suspense. I don't know whether you kept your poor sister in suspense. I cannot believe that you did. Do your worst, Li Chu, and then kill me!"

A strange, quick flush darkened Li's already dark face. Marcelle watching him, saw a strange look of anger creep into his eyes. For a moment she had hope. But only for a moment.

Then suddenly he laughed.

It seemed to Marcelle that that laugh was the cruellest thing she had ever heard. It was so cool and so mocking, and it came so bitterly from the man's broken heart; it spoke of a pride which had been strong, and which had now been pitifully dragged in the mire by the evil deed of Tom White.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked, shivering.

"Why do I laugh," answered Li Chu, his voice sharpened with hate. "I laugh because once again in my life I realise how little you Westerners ever understand us Chinese, or ever will understand us. I laugh that you should think that I would take my

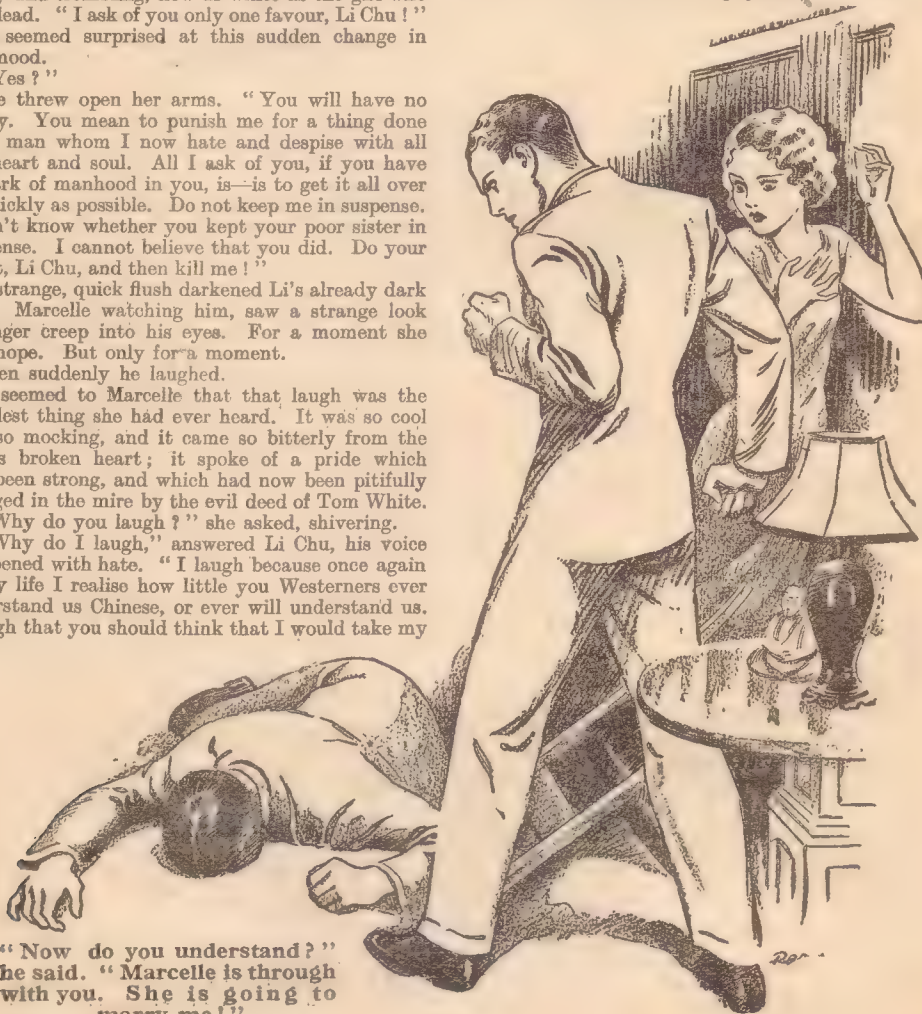
revenge so quickly, or in so clumsy a way. We Chinese are an old nation, Miss Lang. Our civilisation is an ancient one. We know the value of time in China, and we know what is much more: the folly of haste. I shall not hurry about my revenge. There is good time, plenty of time."

Marcelle stared at him aghast.

"You don't mean," she gasped, "that you will keep me here—waiting—waiting—?"

"I mean this: That child," he pointed a trembling finger, upon which the inch long nail-guards of gold glimmered darkly, "was the daughter of a noble family. To the memory of my ancestors I must offer sacrifice for the crime that has been done. Do you think that here, to-night, in a few minutes, and with one swift blow, such a pride as ours can be avenged? No, no," he cried, his voice

(Continued on page 29.)



"Now do you understand?" he said. "Marcelle is through with you. She is going to marry me!"

Honeymoon Hotel

A Princess' FORBIDDEN Love!

THERE was great excitement at the Royal Hotel when it was known that we were to be honoured with a visit from Her Royal Highness Princess Zalia of Luthania.

We had had many famous people staying with us from time to time, but never a royal princess, and the manager's one regret was that she had given implicit instructions that there was to be no fuss made about her visit. Her doctor, she said, had ordered complete rest and quiet for the good of her health, and she wished to be regarded just as any ordinary guest.

The manager, as I say, was deeply grieved at this news. He had, I know, been planning in his mind a triumphal welcome for Her Highness, with a red carpet laid up the hotel steps and masses of hothouse flowers and probably the Town Band playing the Luthanian anthem, and then, in the evening, a grand ball to celebrate the auspicious occasion, at which a few carefully selected representatives of the town would be, with her gracious permission, presented to Her Highness.

What an advertisement for the Royal! Imagine it!

But it was not to be. The Princess would have none of it, and so it was that she arrived very inconspicuously one evening in an ordinary taxi in which she had been driven from the station, and with just her personal maid and a modest amount of luggage.

I dare say you have all seen pictures of her in the papers, although you won't recognise her from the name I have given her. She was considered one of the most beautiful and charming unmarried princesses in Europe, but when I first set eyes on her I thought that none of her portraits even began to do justice to her looks.

No mere photograph could capture the starry depths of her dark eyes or the satiny sheen of her wonderful blue-black hair, and it would be a clever artist indeed who could put on canvas that glorious peaches and cream complexion of hers.

She was delicious, from the crown of her head to her daintily shod feet, and it was a joy to listen to her perfect English, spoken with just a slight foreign accent.

On the morning after her arrival she came to me and asked me if I could recommend any nice walks in the neighbourhood.

"Why yes, Highness," I said. "There are some very pretty walks round about."

And I described one or two favourite ones with our visitors, but she waved an impatient hand.

"No, no—they are no good, except for old ladies. I am—what you say?—a hiker! It is nothing for me to walk

ten, twelve miles, sometimes more. Think of something better, please."

So I suggested a tramp over the downs to a picturesque cathedral city, and that met with her approval.

"And now," she leant closer to me and gave me a quaint little smile, "do you think it would be possible for you to have someone make me up some sandwiches for me to take with me? Ham sandwiches—thick, like that? I have not the courage to ask your *maitre d'hotel*—he is so grand that I am sure he would have ten thousand fits!"

I could not help laughing. I could quite imagine our stately Jules having ten thousand fits if a princess were to ask him for thick ham sandwiches.

I promised to do what I could about it, and presently off she went with her sandwiches, very sensibly dressed in a simple coat and skirt, with stout walking shoes, and looking very much like any other girl.

She did not return until quite late when dinner was half over and the lounge was empty. I noticed, as she passed my desk, that there was a white bandage round her wrist, and I asked if she had hurt herself.

"Oh—that?" To my surprise I saw that she had blushed a deep, lovely rose, and she answered hastily. "No, it is nothing, thank you—I scratched myself on a bramble and tied my handkerchief round it because it was bleeding a little."

Perhaps I looked at her rather hard, for she blushed even more deeply and hurried out of the lounge.

You see, I had noticed the princess' handkerchiefs because they were so exquisite and just the sort of handkerchiefs a princess ought to have, of the finest linen edged with real lace and embroidered in one corner with the initial Z.

But the handkerchief bound round her slender wrist was a large, plain, essentially masculine looking affair!

It wasn't my place to make any comment, naturally, and neither was it, I suppose, to think any more of the incident. But I did, for all that.

What was the significance of that man's handkerchief about which the princess was so secretive?

And had it anything to do with Her Royal Highness' liking for thick ham sandwiches? Every day now they were put up for her and she went off quite early, and did not return until the dinner hour was well advanced.

One evening, shortly after she had arrived back, a man, a stranger, came up to me and asked to see Miss Pauline Moss.

I shook my head.

"There is no one of that name staying here," I told him.

A deep undercurrent of love, hate, and secret drama . . . a luxury world revealed in a light that will amaze and surprise you. Beryl Mears, who writes these true dramas, is a reception clerk at a luxury hotel. She takes you behind the scenes; shares the secrets of the hotel with you.

He frowned at me, plainly not believing me. He was a powerfully built young man and very good-looking, with thick fair hair and eyes that were sea-blue against his deep tan.

"Surely you are making a mistake," he said. "She has just come in—I saw her myself. I wish to return something to her."

"I don't think so," I said. "No one has come in during the last half-hour but Her Royal Highness the Princess Zalia."

He looked at me blankly.

"Princess who?"

"Princess Zalia of Luthania," I said, and added rather proudly, "she is staying here, you know."

He was gazing at something he held in his hand—a little purse with a gold "Z" in one corner of it, and I exclaimed as I caught sight of it.

"Why, that belongs to the Princess," I said. "I have seen her with it!"

A moment later, at the sight of his face, I could have bitten out my tongue for saying it.

He was staring at me. All the colour had drained out of his face. I saw it ebb as I

Begin This Passionate
Serial Here.

21



ONE HOUR of love, of passion, of moonlight and rapture, when a girl gave all the love of her heart to a man. AND THEN REGRET: the bitter, humiliating regret of knowing that he had only regarded her as a pretty toy whose love could be bought!

GUY stared from one to the other of them. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. That any man could ill-treat Jill! And yet it was only too obvious that this brute whom she had married had been ill-treating her.

For a moment the silence held; tense, throbbing with unspoken accusations. The veins on Guy's forehead protruded, his fists were clenched.

Drake's face, too, was dark with anger, and his deep brown eyes blazed furiously at the other man.

"What do you mean by forcing your way in here?" he demanded, when, at last, he was sufficiently controlled to keep his voice steady.

"I came to see Jill," Guy said curtly.

"You mean my wife?"

Guy's face hardened, but there was pain in his grey eyes.

"Yes."

"Then you *do* know she is my wife?" Drake sneered. "Quite an amusing little deception she played on you recently in the nursing home, wasn't it?"

"They say she saved my life," Guy said quietly. "I'm eternally grateful to her."

by
Jasmine Day

"Be grateful to *me*," Drake laughed sharply. "It was I who allowed the deception. After all I am her husband."

"Even if you are her husband that gives you no right to ill-treat her," Guy thundered. "You cad! What were you doing to her when I came into the room?"

The colour drained from Drake's face suddenly. It was white and furious looking.

"What right have you to question me about how I treat my own wife?"

"The right of any decent man when he sees a woman being badly treated."

"Oh, so that's all, is it, eh?" The sneer was more pronounced than ever on Drake's face. "I suppose you have no *personal* interest in the matter at all?"

Guy's tall lean frame stiffened. "Certainly I have," he said curtly. "I love Jill. You know I love her."

"A pleasant thing for a husband to hear!"

"You're not fit to be any decent girl's husband. That's why I've come to take her away from you!"

Drake stiffened. His eyes blazed dangerously. But he still managed to keep his voice under control.

HE THREATENED TO RUIN HER GOOD NAME.

"Oh, you have, have you? That's very interesting. And I suppose I, the husband, have nothing at all to say about it?"

"You can say what you like! It's Jill I'm asking." He turned away from Drake and, for the first time since he had come into the room, he addressed Jill directly. His voice softened. Some of the tenseness about his body relaxed.

"Do you want to come with me, Jill? I love you, dear. I'll always love you. I'll take care of you."

"Very modern," Drake sneered. "Trying to persuade my wife to elope with you under my very eyes! And what attitude do you expect me to adopt? To let her go calmly without even a fight? I'm afraid you must think me more magnanimous and unselfish than I am. You see," his voice hardened, "I've no intention at all of letting her go. Not to-night, at any rate," he laughed shortly.

"You can call back in the morning, if you like. Maybe then I won't be so interested in keeping her!"

"You cad!" In that moment it almost looked as though Guy would spring on him. But, with a great effort, he controlled himself. "What you say or what you think doesn't affect me," he went on. "It's Jill I'm waiting to hear speak. I'll go only if she asks me to go; if she succeeds in convincing me that she doesn't love me; that she wants to stay here with you as your wife."

"It isn't a question of what she wants to do," Drake flung out savagely, momentarily losing control of himself. "It's a question of what I want her to do. She has to obey me."

"We're not living in the middle ages, thank God," Guy said sharply. "No judge would make her stay with you five minutes if he saw those disfiguring marks on her arm. Well, Jill?" His eyes were very tender as they rested upon her. "Do you want to come with me, dear?"

Jill rose to her feet. "I'll follow you to the ends of the earth, Guy," she said quietly.

DRAKE swung upon her furiously. His thin, sharp-featured face was livid with rage.

"What about your sworn promise to me . . . your vow that you'd come to me as my wife if I'd allow that wretched deception to go on? But I might have known you'd try to break your word. A common little sixpenny store girl!"

"Don't you dare to insult her!"

Guy, too, was losing control of himself. "I'll dare anything I like!" Drake said savagely through his teeth. "I can see this was a put-up job between the two of you. Jill told you she was coming here. Arranged for you to follow her! That's how she keeps her promise to me. I might have known something like this would happen!"

"It's a lie," Guy said. "Jill didn't

tell me she was coming here. I found out. I followed her."

"Wasn't that rather presumptuous on your part?" Drake demanded. "Daring to interfere between her and me?"

Guy paid no attention to him. "Are you ready, Jill? Hadn't you better put on a coat, dear?"

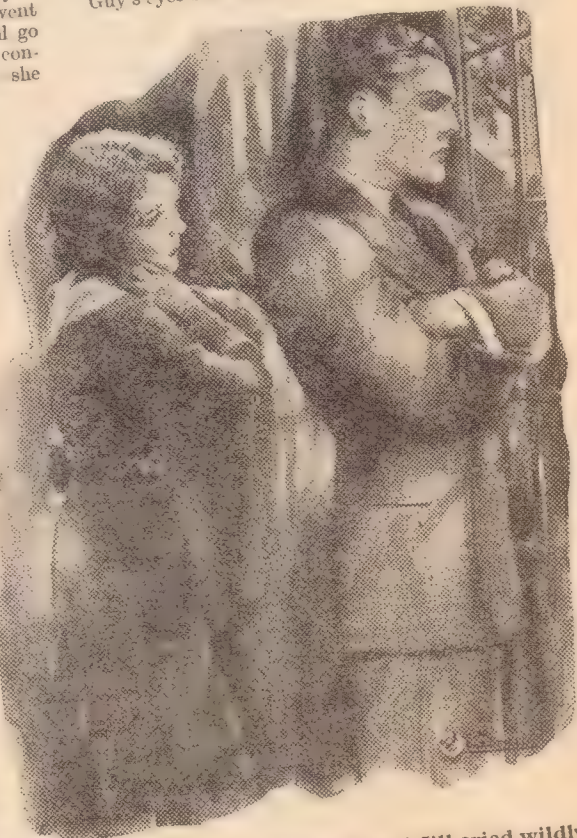
Drake laughed hoarsely. "I've stood enough of your nonsense, Guy Clifford. As much as I'm going to stand, too. Jill's not leaving this flat to-night, understand that! And if you don't leave immediately I'll call my servants and have you thrown out!"

Guy stiffened. But a slow smile passed over his face. "Do you think they could throw me out Meredith?"

Drake looked at him. He wasn't so sure. Certainly Guy had recently come from a sick bed, yet there was something grimly resolute, dauntless about him to-night. And, in the pause, Guy suddenly swung towards the door and locked it.

"What are you doing?" Drake demanded, sharply.

Guy's eyes blazed down at him. "We're going to



"I don't care what anybody says," Jill cried wildly. "I love you—I'll always love you, Guy!"

settle the question once and for all whether Jill leaves this flat or not to-night. There are several other scores, too, I mean to settle with you, Meredith. I'm a better fighter than you, but I've been ill, so perhaps it will be fairly even." His hands clenched. He moved towards Drake menacingly. "Well, are you ready?"

Jill darted forward and caught his arm. "Don't Guy, please, you've been so ill . . . I'm afraid."

"Afraid for him, your lover, of course! Not for me, your husband!" Drake sneered. "Perhaps I'd be lucky to be rid of a wife who betrays me, who breaks her word!"

Jill faced him angrily. She had recovered, somewhat, from the awful humiliation he had recently inflicted upon her. Her old fighting blood was up again. She tossed back her dark curly hair.

"I wouldn't have broken my word, Drake, if you'd behaved decently. But there are things a girl—even if she is a wife—won't stand. I think the way you've treated me to-night has released me from my promise a hundred times over. I wouldn't have stayed here to-night anyhow. Will you take me away, please, Guy?"

Drake didn't say anything for a full minute. His thin face was dark with anger. He was biting his lower lip. But, presently, he shrugged. A mockingly ironical smile came over his sharp features.

"So you ask your lover to take you away! I suppose a mere husband can make no objection these days. There was a time when . . ." His face hardened in lines of intense cruelty. He glanced towards the hunting crop lying on the floor. "But those days when a man could treat an erring wife as she deserved are past, unfortunately. But there's one thing you've got to know before you go. I'll never divorce you, Jill. If you go away with this man you'll have a stigma attached to you all your life. You may try to escape it, but I'll see that everyone knows of your shame. I'll have you branded in society. No decent man or woman will associate with you. What have you to say to that? Doesn't that make you pause and think?"

She shook her head slowly. "Nothing you could do to me would be half so horrible as having to stay with you. No humiliation you could inflict on me in the eyes of the world would be so awful as *that* humiliation. Do what you like to me. I think if I have Guy's love that will compensate for everything." And a slow smile touched her lips fleetingly.

"You think that now, but you won't as the years pass," Drake sneered at them. "Get out of my flat with your lover!"

He turned and bowed ironically to Guy. "She is yours, Clifford. Now will you be kind enough to unlock the door? I don't mind fighting you," he added sneeringly, "but when I do it will be over a girl I consider more worth while!"

JILL and Guy didn't speak as they went down in the lift, out of that expensive building. Jill was too spent and exhausted with emotion even to think clearly. Guy hailed a taxi and helped her inside. There he put one arm tenderly about her shoulders and she rested against him.

(Continued on next page.)

90%
OF EVERYDAY ILLS
QUICKLY YIELD TO
Beecham's
PILLS

**HEADACHES!
DIZZINESS!
DULL EYES!
COATED TONGUE!
BLOTCHY SKIN!**

THEY'RE all due to one cause. 90% of everyday ills arise from **CONSTIPATION**. By removing this insidious destroyer of health Beecham's Pills restore the **BRIGHT EYES, ROSY CHEEKS** and **ABUNDANT VITALITY** which is the real secret of a Woman's Charm and a Man's Energy and Vigour. Sold everywhere.

**Worth a
Guinea
a Box!**

ENTER THIS FASCINATING NEW CONTEST NOW!

£10!

for a

HOLIDAY

SNAP!

MOST people keep snapshot albums nowadays; nearly everybody takes a snapshot camera away with them on holiday. For there is no better way to recapture the happy leisure moments of holiday-time than by a snap!

So here is a competition for everybody . . . open to all readers.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO: Send the snap of yourself you like best, with the following words written on the back, "I declare that this is a snapshot of myself," to "Snapshots," BETTY'S PAPER, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Read the rules printed on page 36, and fill in the coupon, also on that page, which must be enclosed with your entry. Send also a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your snap returned. Six photographs will be published each week for six weeks, the sender of each winning 10/6, and the final prize-winner will be selected from the published photographs.



£10

Will be given for the best reader's snapshot entered.

36

Prizes of 10/6 will be awarded to the senders of published snaps.

ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Poor darling," he whispered. "What a night for you!"

"Thank God you came, Guy," she whispered. Her voice trembled and broke. "How—how did you find out?"

"Cicely came to the hospital and told me."

"Cicely?" There was surprise in her voice.

"Why should she have told you?"

"She seemed upset about it. She wanted to help you."

Jill gave a faintly bitter laugh. "She wouldn't want to help me! Once I thought she was my

friend but . . ." and she shivered. Too well she remembered that scene between herself and Cicely in the flat when Cicely had demanded a thousand pounds as her price for keeping silent about the threat she had heard Guy make to his wife! And wasn't Cicely, incidentally, the cause of all her past misery?

"I know she isn't a friend," she went on. "Not to you or to me, Guy!"

"I didn't think she was, either," Guy said slowly. "Until she came to the hospital and warned me about what was going to happen to-night. I'll be eternally grateful to her for that, darling. If I hadn't come in time . . ."

He didn't finish the sentence. He felt her shiver against him. A great tenderness for her welled up in him. He caught her to him.

"My poor sweetheart! How you have suffered. And I'm the cause of it all! My stubborn stupidity for not believing in you right through, despite everything. For ever listening to Rick Anderson in the first place. . . . And then this last time. I know now it was because of me you ever consented to go to Paris with that swine—because you thought you were buying that girl's silence."

Jill stirred in his arms. She glanced up at him in surprise. "You know *that*, Guy?"

He nodded. He tilted up her chin and kissed her gravely on the lips. "God, Jill, I'll never be able to make up to you for all you've suffered through me. Not all the lqys in the world. . . ." But she silenced him by kissing him on the lips.

After a pause she whispered: "But, Guy, can't Cicely hurt you? I know you didn't kill Gwen. Never for a moment did I think you had. But *if* she took that story to the police?" There was fear in her voice. And her lips were trembling.

He laughed down at her. "Silly sweetheart! That rotten little blackmailer couldn't harm me. Why, she brought the same story to me just before the motor race. You see it's been definitely established by the police that Gwen died through striking her head on the fender. They wouldn't take any notice of Cicely's story."

"Then," Jill gave a weak, broken laugh, "I went away to Paris with Drake for nothing!"

He held her closer. "My poor brave little darling, you should have come to me at once with the story." He kissed her again, and for a time she lay in his arms without speaking.

It was heaven, after all she had been through, to feel herself held close in his arms. The morrow, the future didn't matter. Nothing mattered except this brief period of time when the whole world seemed to stand still, hushed on tip-toe, as they whispered their love, their undying confidence in each other.

"If only I could marry you, darling," he said.

She put up a small white hand and crushed it against his lips. They mustn't talk about that! But how the wish was echoed in her own heart! To be married to Guy! To be able to call herself his wife! Oh, how wonderful that! How proud she would be!

"You'll have my love always," he whispered humbly.

Presently she stirred herself to ask him where he was taking her. Not that it mattered! To know she had escaped Drake, that Guy loved her, was enough.

"I'm taking you to a little hotel my mother used to stay at when she came to Town," he told her. "They know me well there. They won't raise any question that you come without luggage. I'll—I'll come round in the morning and we'll talk everything over. You're too tired to-night. You must get a good sleep."

She was grateful to him for understanding her so well. How tender and thoughtful he was for her. How marvellous to have him to lean on, to think for

(Continued on next page.)

HEALTH Ruined

BY

Serious Operation



At her residence, 12, Chesham-crescent, Sherley, Mrs. Kittie Upward (the well-known breeder of Pekinese and Pomeranians) told me of her Health Sufferings and of the marvellous effect of Dr. Cassell Tablets.

"Six months ago," said Mrs. Upward, "I underwent a very serious operation. I was not expected to recover. I just managed to 'pull through,' but it left me suffering from a terrible depression. I could not eat and was afraid to go out at all."

"Then a nurse recommended Dr. Cassell Tablets. . . . I tried them, and in a little while I was a changed woman. My appetite improved and everyone remarked on my healthy appearance."

IF YOU SUFFER FROM:

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| -Nerves! | -Sleeplessness! |
| -Anæmia! | -Indigestion! |
| -Pains! | -Headaches! |
| -Poor Appetite! | -Lack of Energy! |

Dr.

You should take Dr. Cassell Tablets without delay.

CASSELL TABLETS

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 Bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. (1935) Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Price 1/3 & 3/-

ANOTHER FREE OFFER

LET
MADAME
ASTRAL
TELL
YOUR
FORTUNE.



PLEASE NOTE.

All queries about Dreams and Fortunes from Cards to be addressed to Madame Astral, Betty's Paper, Allied Newspapers Ltd., 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. There is no fee, but the Coupon on this page must accompany every letter sent in, and a stamped self-addressed envelope must be enclosed. Only one dream can be explained or one set of cards read for one coupon.

INSTRUCTIONS re FORTUNES FROM CARDS.—Shuffle well a pack of ordinary playing cards, pick out five at random, with the backs towards you, and place face upwards on the table. Tell me the value and suit of each and the order in which you drew them from the pack. I require to know also your colouring, age, sex, whether married or single, and any other details you think important.



MADAME ASTRAL COUPON.

BETTY'S PAPER

August 6, 1932.

ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

(Continued from previous page.)

her, to direct her actions. She had been battling and thinking for herself so long. Too long. She was tired.

"That's all right with you, isn't it, dear?" he said gently.

She sighed and snuggled closer in his arms. "I'll do anything you say, Guy . . . always," she whispered.

JILL slept a dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. She was still asleep when the maid tip-toed in with her breakfast. A neatly arranged white frilled tray, delicate blue china, hot buttered toast, steaming coffee. There were flowers, too, on the tray. Roses—golden as the sunlight that stole in through the drawn curtains. And there was a card with the roses. "All my love.—Guy."

"A gentleman has been here already this morning," the little maid told her. "But he said we weren't to disturb you. A Mr. Clifford his name was. He'll be back in half-an-hour."

Guy had been here already! That seemed to

make the sunlight brighter, the day more glorious and golden!

She thought, with a scared feeling inside her, "I wonder if it's wicked to feel so happy!"

She had breakfast hastily and dressed. What would be their future? But Guy would decide that. She would leave everything to him!

Some little time later when she came down the staircase to the sitting-room where Guy was waiting for her, a queer shyness took possession of her. She felt her heart pounding high up in her throat.

"Darling!"

The moment his arms were about her, all her shyness left her. She was so happy she couldn't speak to him.

Presently he released her. "Sit down, sweetheart," he said. "I want to speak to you."

Something grave in his voice vaguely alarmed her. His face, too, in repose, was grave.

She sat down. He went and stood by the window, the sunlight streaming down on his lean, handsome face. Her heart seemed to stop beating, as it always did when she looked at him like that. He was so handsome. And she loved him so much!

"I can't let you go into this thing blindly, Jill," he said at last. "You're awfully brave, darling, but, for your own sake I've got to try and make you realise what it means to a girl to go away with a man she's not married to . . . yes, however much they love each other. You heard Meredith say last night he'd never divorce you? It's going to be hard on you, sweetheart. Society doesn't easily forgive a girl a thing like that. They will be down on you like a pack of hounds, all the decent, respectable people. And they have a right to, I suppose."

"It will be an uphill fight all the time. Sometimes you will be crushed and humiliated. There will be hurts that even my love won't be able to save you from. I'll try to protect you from the world. But it won't be easy, my dearest. At times you may even feel that my love isn't worth it!"

"Oh, no no! I could never feel that, Guy," she cried in a queer tense voice. "It's all I want in the world. I don't care about other people."

He moved as though to take her in his arms, but he checked himself. He had vowed he would put all the facts before her.

"You don't think you do now, Jill, but, as the years pass, you will. Every woman cares about a settled home, friends, a name for herself . . . for her children." His voice broke huskily over the last words.

There was a pause after that. A hot colour had risen to Jill's cheeks. She had her face turned aside. She was trembling.

"You see I've got to make you realise all this, Jill," he said, as the pause grew. There was a desperate note in his voice he tried to hide from her. She must never know what it cost him to say all this. To endeavour to persuade her *not* to join her life with his when everything in him cried out for her. When the thought that she might agree with him was such torture that he could scarcely bear it. And then when the silence had seemed to stretch into eternity she said very quietly:

"I, too, have thought of these things, Guy. But

I love you too well to let them alter my decision. If I must suffer, I'd rather suffer with you than be happy with anyone else. Just love me, Guy. Realise that's the only thing in the whole world that matters to me!"

A FEW days later, going back to the old flat to get some clothes, Jill ran into Cicely. Cicely in a smart new costume, was coming out of the flat as she was going in.

For a moment the two girls stared at each other without speaking.

Cicely was the first to break the silence. "Anything I can do to help you, Jill?"

Jill shook her head. "No, thanks," she said stiffly.

"Mind if I come in and chat to you while you pack—I suppose you are going to pack?"

Jill nodded. "Yes."

Cicely followed her inside. She laughed and talked with a studied naturalness about everything that didn't matter. But, presently, there came rather a long pause. Then she said abruptly:

"You're mighty sweet on Guy, aren't you?"

"I love him," said Jill. Her voice was slightly unsteady.

"Oh, well," Cicely murmured. "He's nothing to fear from me any longer. You can tell him that if you like. I tried to get money out of him, I admit. But now I won't need much money for some time to come if I play my cards right."

Jill looked at her in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Met an old geyser the other night who's going to be my 'sugar daddy' as they say in America. He's fifty and bald and fat, but he's tons of money. In a few week's he's taking me on a trip round the world. That's a pretty good innings for this kid, isn't it?"

A little shiver ran through Jill. Fifty and bald and fat. . . . How could Cicely? How could any girl?

"You're not going to marry him!" she faltered in the pause.

Cicely threw back her blonde head and laughed as though that were the best joke ever. "Marry him? He's a wife already. Old boys of fifty usually have. Besides, who wants to get married? Much better have a good time. You can't marry Guy either, can you? We'll both be in the same boat."

Jill could have cried out in anger and pain. Oh, how could Cicely liken her tawdry affair with her own deep love for Guy? She had said it was much the same. But, of course, it wasn't the same at all. Yet mightn't the world look upon it as the same? Put her and Cicely in the same category?

DRAKE wondered what on earth Griffiths and Griffiths, solicitors, could want to see him about. They wrote that the matter was urgent. Vaguely the name was familiar. And then he remembered. They were the solicitors of his cousin. His uncle's son, who should have inherited the money Drake was enjoying—if he hadn't quarrelled with his father a couple of months before the old man died.

(Continued on next page.)

I WANTED TO HIDE MY FACE



"The first time I met the man who is now my husband I felt like covering my face so he could not see my complexion. Then I had a greasy, sallow skin, enlarged pores, and even wrinkles beginning to show, though I was only 33.

At that moment I made up my mind that I would get rid of these ugly blemishes if it was humanly possible. I had often read about Crème Tokalon Skinfood, but somehow I had never used it. I wish I had known sooner!

I know there are scientific reasons why Crème Tokalon does such miraculous things for the skin, but the thing that is more important to me is that after I had used it only a month, I lost all trace of the dead colour and wrinkles that used to make me look old.

My husband won't admit it now, but I know he would never have looked at me if I hadn't deliberately made him, by making my complexion irresistible. If there are other women who have put off using Crème Tokalon Skinfood as I did, I wish I could make them start to-day!"

NOTE: What she did, any woman can do. Use Crème Tokalon Rose Colour Skinfood at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Free Fountain Pen, Free Chocolates, and Gift Money. Write now for Magnificent Catalogue and handsome Offer.—GILSTON, 117, Summerville, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. SPARE-TIME AGENTS WANTED for oldest, largest and best club. Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc. Over 700 articles. No outlay—excellent commission. Write for Art Catalogue and full particulars.—SAMUEL DRIVER, Ltd., Burton-road, Leeds.

ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

(Continued from previous page.)

Drake hesitated about obeying the summons. But since he had nothing much to do he dropped into the office late that same afternoon. It was located in a tall new building in the City.

John Griffiths, senior, saw him immediately he sent in his card.

"I'm afraid I've bad news for you, Mr. Meredith," he said.

Drake stiffened. "Bad news, Mr. Griffiths?"

The old man nodded. "No use in beating about the bush, either, is it? The fact is," he paused and cleared his throat, "the fact is, Mr. Meredith," he repeated, "another will of your late uncle, Martin Meredith, has been found. One made just a few days before his death. It's quite in order, I assure you. Duly witnessed and all that." He paused again.

"Well, what does it say?" There was the sharp edge of anxiety in Drake's voice now, and his eyes had narrowed. He had a very definite idea how that other will might read!

"I'm afraid the new will is *not* in your favour," Mr. Griffiths said slowly.

Cheated Out Of A Fortune?

HE took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked a deed box. He took the will out and handed it across to Drake. Drake read it through with a tense expression and dilated eyes. Yes, it was as the old man said. Everything had been left to his cousin Rupert! The one man in the whole world Drake most hated and despised!

It isn't a pleasant thing to think you have come into a fortune only to find you have lost it. And since he had come into the money his expenses had

increased enormously. How could he give up all the luxuries he now so thoroughly enjoyed?

As he handed the will back his eyes happened to light on the bunch of keys the old man had left lying under some papers on the desk. A mad plan suddenly rushed into Drake's head. No sooner had it come than he decided to act upon it. He put a hand to his forehead and leant back in the chair.

"A glass of water, please," he said hoarsely. "The shock of it. . . I feel faint."

The old man jumped to his feet and disappeared into the next room in search of some water. Quick as a flash those keys were in Drake's pocket. But when Mr. Griffiths returned with the water he was lying back in the chair again, apparently quite overcome.

He drank the water, thanked the old man, said he was quite well enough to go home by taxi. But a slight smile crossed his face as he left the building. That cousin of his thought he could rob him of the money, did he? Just because this new will had turned up? *But supposing the will disappeared?*

Drake dined alone that night. He was too feverish with nervous excitement to eat much, but he drank a good deal of champagne. This afternoon it had seemed a fairly simple matter to sneak back to the office that night, let himself in with the keys, ransack the place until he found the will, and destroy it.

He had meant to take elaborate precautions but, under the influence of the champagne, it seemed to him precautions were unnecessary. He even persuaded himself that the old solicitor wouldn't, as yet, have missed his keys. Or, if he had, he would have thought he had mislaid them himself.

The more champagne he drank, the easier the task appeared. The thing to do, he decided, was to carry the whole thing through boldly.

Up to a point he succeeded. He said to the night watchman: "Mr. Griffiths sent me back for an important document. You see, he gave me his keys." It was done so openly that the doorman didn't try to stop him. He even took Drake up in the lift himself.

Drake let himself into the office with the keys and switched on the light. First he opened the deed box from which he had seen old Mr. Griffiths take the will. But the will wasn't there.

In a fury of impatience he started to tip the contents of every drawer in the mahogany desk on the floor, when . . . footsteps sounded in the corridor!

Could it be the night watchman returning? He straightened abruptly to listen. The footsteps came up to the office door and paused. He heard voices. Men's voices. And as he listened, with a startled, strained attention, he recognised one voice as belonging to old Mr. Griffiths himself!

Was he caught in the very act of stealing the will? In heaven's name, what was he to do?

With the conclusion of this serial next week, begins the most enthralling serial romance ever printed. Order next week's issue of "Betty's Paper" and begin reading "What Men Made Her."

FREE.—Powder-Cream, Rouge, Eyelash Grower; 6d. packing, postage.—**ALLDIBBY**, 64, Gt. Victoria-street, Belfast.

FREE HOROSCOPE.—Your Future Events Explained. 1932-33 Birthdate. 1/1½.—**RENEE**, 419, Lord-street, Southampton.

THREE INCHES TALLER.—Simple Height Increaser. Send only 1½d. stamp.—**B. EDISON**, 39, Bond-street, Blackpool.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book Free. Good Commission.—Apply **DENTON LTD.**, Dept. D.98, Accrington.

HAVE BEAUTIFUL WAVY HAIR and become the admiration of your friends. Particulars, stamp.—**B.S.S. Co.**, 4, Flaxstead-road, London, S.E.7.

SONGS, SONG POEMS WANTED; immediate publication; equitable terms; submit MSS.—**JOSEPH MARLUM, Ltd.** (Room 10) 14, Percy-street, London, W.1.

12/6 IN £ COMMISSION. Free Gift all Enquirers. Agents Wanted Xmas Clubs, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Household Goods. Free Chocolates to all. **ENTERPRISE**, Thornton-road, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED! XMAS CLUBS.—Chocolates, Cigarettes, Everything. Coloured Catalogue. Highest CASH Commission. Free Gifts. Over 500 Kinds. **FREEE HOSE** ALL ENQUIRERS.—**EMBASSY**, Dept. 27, Brighouse.

SONG POEMS WANTED.—Songs and musical compositions also considered for publication. Known or unknown writers invited to send MSS.—**PETER DERIEK Ltd.**, Dept. B.P., 108, Charing Cross-road, London, W.C.

SHOULD A BRIDE FORGIVE?*(Continued from page 17.)*

shaking with passion, "you are safe to-night. You can go!"

But Marcelle did not fully understand what he was saying. The very idea that he would let her out of his house alive this very night stunned her. She could not believe that she had heard him aright.

"You are free to leave this house now," said Li Chu, understanding her stillness.

A great sob of relief left Marcelle's lips. Perhaps she had misunderstood Li Chu after all. She had always heard that he was one of the finest men in China, and incapable of an unworthy action. He had just been frightening her, and after all she could not blame him for that after all he had suffered.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried, and turning she saw that mysteriously, silently, the blue-clad guard had disappeared, and the door behind her was open, leading into the lovely courtyard without.

Then she turned back to Li Chu.

"Why are you letting me go?" she asked.

"Because I shall take my time—"

"Oh, you mean—?" she whispered, terror seizing her again.

He nodded, his eyes fixed on her white face.

"I mean every word I have said, Miss Lang. You shall pay! You are beautiful and you are desirable. You shall pay!"

She threw out her hands in a last desperate appeal.

"And you are letting me go only to torture me?" she sobbed.

"I am letting you go—but one day . . ." he broke off significantly.

"One day! Oh—when will that day be?"

Li Chu shook his head.

"That I cannot tell. That is for the gods of my ancestors to decide. It may be soon, or it may be in months, even years. We Chinese do not rush such things, Miss Lang, and we never forget. It will add to my revenge to know that with every living breath he takes Tom White will know that you are waiting, that you are doomed, and that one day I shall appear and demand payment. Go where you will, ask help of whom you will, nothing shall save you. You shall pay!"

Marcelle could stand no more. The door was open behind her, open to the dark night, to her friends, to freedom. With a cry which rent her very soul she turned and fled.

She stumbled. Mysteriously a hand helped her. She looked up terrified. The giant guard was helping her. She screamed hysterically, but the Chinese servant could not have been more gentle had she been of his own race.

Sobbing, she made her way out from the house, and at last saw the car which had brought her to it in front of her. She stumbled into it, and in another moment had lost consciousness.

THE car was pulling up outside the Listers' bungalow, on the outskirts of Hong Kong, when Marcelle came to herself again. Wildly she

(Continued on next page.)

THANKS TO AMAMI



THE PERFECT WAVE SET

AMAMI WAVE SET has been perfected by world-famous hair specialists to bring out the natural tendency all hair has to wave. AMAMI WAVE SET will give a glorious, professional-looking "set" of deep, smooth waves and soft alluring curls. There is no white deposit after using, and the colour of the hair is unaffected. See that you get your bottle of AMAMI WAVE SET to-day.

This Wave Set gives by far the best result if it is used just before going to bed, and a tight cap worn during the night.

6^p

per bottle—
sufficient for
6 wave sets

From all
Chemists &
Hairdressers



Try it to-day

AMAMI WAVE SET

SHOULD A BRIDE FORGIVE?

(Continued from previous page.)

looked about her, remembering everything, and yet scarcely daring to believe that she was really safe.

The chauffeur, with utter unconcern, his yellow face averted, opened the door of the car. She slipped out, and up the few steps on to the veranda of the bungalow. As she did so she heard the car which had brought her home moving off at a great pace.

In another second she had thrown open the door of the room in which Mr. and Mrs. Lister were quietly seated over a game of cards.

She tried to speak—but waves of faintness were rushing up over her again. With a little moan she crumpled up on the carpet.

She was on the sofa when she came round again, with Mrs. Lister bending over her, holding salts to her nostrils, and her husband looking on in the greatest distress.



**Consult
PHILASTRO**

About Your Future.

THIS remarkable offer is quite free. Fill in this coupon, and another either from *Betty's Paper* of a different date, or from *Week End Novels*. Send the Coupons with a stamped envelope addressed to yourself to Professor Philastro, and you will receive a detailed outline of your future prospects—your chance of success—your luck in love—where and how to find good fortune.

"What's happened, dear, what's happened?" little Mrs. Lister begged.

"Give her a chance, my dear," Lister cried, "don't worry her. I'll ring up for the doctor."

Marcelle held up a hand.

"No, no, Mr. Lister. I am all right. I need no doctor. Just give me time, and I will tell you everything!"

They gave her time. She drank some brandy and felt a little stronger.

"My dear," Mrs. Lister said at last, "don't worry to tell us anything, to-night, if you would rather not. You look as though something very, very dreadful has happened. Marcelle that man has not—?"

"What man?"

"Tom White!"

Marcelle started. It was a sinister fact that even the Listers, who wished to be kind to her, always jumped to the conclusion that anything untoward which happened to her must of necessity come from Tom.

She bowed her lovely head. For she did indeed look as though she had passed through some very terrible struggle.

"Yes, Tom!" she whispered.

"My God!" cried Lister, "the cur. He's beyond the limit, Marcelle. I tell you, my girl, you just can't go on with the idea of marrying such a fellow. It's unthinkable. What's he been up to now? I'll break every bone in his body, if—Marcelle." He stopped and turned scarlet. "He—he hasn't insulted you?"

Marcelle smile weakly.

"I would rather he had done that, Mr. Lister, than what he has done!" she said, and there was a quiver in her voice that she could not control.

"What's that?" asked Lister, in a whisper.

"He—he betrayed little Li Soo, the only sister of his friend the Mandarin Li Chu, when he was staying at their home some weeks ago."

A moment of ghastly silence held the room.

HOROSCOPE COUPON.

Name

Address

Sex

Date, Month, Year of Birth

Day of Week

Before or After Sunset
(if known)

Post this Coupon to Professor Philastro,
Betty's Paper, Allied Newspapers Ltd.,
196, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.1.

TWO COUPONS MUST BE SENT.

Betty's Paper, August 6, 1932.

Outside the dark night seemed to listen aghast. "Good God!" muttered Lister, who understood the implications of the whole terrible business in a flash.

"The cad," whispered Mrs. Lister. "But what has this to do with you, Marcelle, except that it finally shows you that Tom White is beyond the pale, and that under no circumstance whatsoever can you have anything to do with him again? Why—why are you so upset to-night? My poor darling, you are trembling as though your last hour had come."

Marcelle gazed at her friend as though surprised by her very words; as though they must have been spoken with a barbed meaning.

"That's how I feel, Mrs. Lister," she said. "I can never really go through again in all the rest of my life what I have been through in the last hour. My whole life will be no worse—it will just be waiting—waiting!"

Again a great convulsive sob shook the girl. They had to give her time, but little by little

SHOULD A BRIDE FORGIVE?

(Continued from previous page.)

"I don't know, and I don't care. He seems to have disappeared. I asked the authorities what they were going to do about him, and they smiled. When they heard what he had done to Li's sister, they felt, I imagine, that he is well in Li Chu's keeping."

Marcelle closed her eyes for a moment. It was all dreadful—for Tom had once been very dear to her, and it was not easy to think of what Li Chu was capable.

But Lister was speaking again.

"And I've got other news about the scoundrel," he continued. "I met old Mostyn, the banker, for whom Tom works. Mostyn has received a very polite letter from Li Chu informing him exactly how Tom had been robbing him and falsifying his books for months; how he came and borrowed money from Li Chu, and put his books right. It's perfectly amazing how these Chinese get to know everything. Old Mostyn is furious. He has finished with Tom."

Mrs. Lister looked up.

"What's Mr. Mostyn going to do about Tom?" she asked.

Her husband smiled grimly.

"I asked that question, myself, my dear," he said, "and he answered very simply, that he did not think that there would be any need for him to deal with Tom White after Li Chu had finished." Marcelle shuddered, and said nothing.

Then suddenly Lister turned to her with a smile in his kindly eyes.

"And I saw the Admiral, my dear. I met him at the Club. I told him all I could, and asked him when Dick Bryce would be in Hong Kong again."

Marcelle's heart leapt, and a hot flush suffused her cheeks. She had not dared to ask about Dick, but now that her friend had mentioned his name she knew that it was for news of him that she had been waiting, and longing.

Tom was now nothing to her. Li Chu she would not fear—if only Dick were with her.

"What did he say, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lister impatiently. "You are just like an old-time actor, always waiting for the applause after every speech."

Lister grinned.

"The Admiral was a brick. He said you were the prettiest girl in Hong Kong, Marcelle, and that if he were twenty years younger, and unmarried, he'd send Dick back to England to-morrow! But, as it is, Dick ought to be back during the next day or two."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Marcelle, and just because her heart was bursting with love and joy, with fear and hate, with terror and wonder, she threw her arms about Lister's neck, and kissed him upon his cheek.

Lister smiled good-naturedly.

"Come and have some lunch, my dear," he said gently. But Marcelle shook her head. How could she think of food now? How like a man! She could think of nothing save the fact that Dick was coming to her; nothing save that just when everything had seemed utterly hopeless and useless, after Dick and she had said good-bye to one another for ever, and she had faced the fact that she must marry a man she did not love, all was coming right between them.

Li Chu seemed of very small account at that moment, though had Marcelle known China better she would not have felt so happy and thrilled and light-hearted. Mrs. Lister knew that Marcelle must leave China!

We Wonder—

GOSSIP

—About Our Pals.

—If the Penryn girl still persists that the sun during her holiday bleached her hair?

* * * * *

—Or, since the girl she went away with declares that it rained all the time, has she confessed about the visit she made to the hair-dressers?

* * * * *

—Whether the three girls at the Tennis Club were amused or annoyed when they found they'd all made their frocks from the same pattern?

* * * * *

If it is true that since Molly's boy friend told her she was like Janet Gaynor she's been haunting the film agents for "extra" parts?

* * * * *

—Why the Bootle girl is always telling her newly engaged friends that she never wants to get married?

* * * * *

—And are they right in whispering that she'd soon change her mind—if she got the chance?

* * * * *

—If the St. Agnes couple are enjoying their hiking holiday as much as they anticipated?

NOR did Mrs. Lister allow matters to rest at that. She insisted upon inquiries being made as to the next liner leaving Hong Kong for England.

Then, on the second day, when Lister himself had gone to the club to make some further inquiries, and Marcelle and the elder woman were sitting quietly in Mrs. Lister's drawing-room, the door opened, and Tom White burst into the room.

"Tom!" cried Marcelle, and sprang to her feet.

His condition was pitiful. He was white and worn to a shadow. Terror stared from his eyes. He was dusty and hot and dishevelled.

"Oh, thank God, Marcelle. He said you were all right, the fiend, but I did not know whether to believe him or not. He didn't harm you?"

"You have no right here, you cad!" cried Mrs. Lister. But Tom was beyond feeling now. He sank into a chair, weary and broken.

SHOULD A BRIDE FORGIVE?

(Continued from previous page.)

"I don't know, and I don't care. He seems to have disappeared. I asked the authorities what they were going to do about him, and they smiled. When they heard what he had done to Li's sister, they felt, I imagine, that he is well in Li Chu's keeping."

Marcelle closed her eyes for a moment. It was all dreadful—for Tom had once been very dear to her, and it was not easy to think of what Li Chu was capable.

But Lister was speaking again.

"And I've got other news about the scoundrel," he continued. "I met old Mostyn, the banker, for whom Tom works. Mostyn has received a very polite letter from Li Chu informing him exactly how Tom had been robbing him and falsifying his books for months; how he came and borrowed money from Li Chu, and put his books right. It's perfectly amazing how these Chinese get to know everything. Old Mostyn is furious. He has finished with Tom."

Mrs. Lister looked up.

"What's Mr. Mostyn going to do about Tom?" she asked.

Her husband smiled grimly.

"I asked that question, myself, my dear," he said, "and he answered very simply, that he did not think that there would be any need for him to deal with Tom White after Li Chu had finished." Marcelle shuddered, and said nothing.

Then suddenly Lister turned to her with a smile in his kindly eyes.

"And I saw the Admiral, my dear. I met him at the Club. I told him all I could, and asked him when Dick Bryce would be in Hong Kong again."

Marcelle's heart leapt, and a hot flush suffused her cheeks. She had not dared to ask about Dick, but now that her friend had mentioned his name she knew that it was for news of him that she had been waiting, and longing.

Tom was now nothing to her. Li Chu she would not fear—if only Dick were with her.

"What did he say, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lister impatiently. "You are just like an old-time actor, always waiting for the applause after every speech."

Lister grinned.

"The Admiral was a brick. He said you were the prettiest girl in Hong Kong, Marcelle, and that if he were twenty years younger, and unmarried, he'd send Dick back to England to-morrow! But, as it is, Dick ought to be back during the next day or two."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Marcelle, and just because her heart was bursting with love and joy, with fear and hate, with terror and wonder, she threw her arms about Lister's neck, and kissed him upon his cheek.

Lister smiled good-naturedly.

"Come and have some lunch, my dear," he said gently. But Marcelle shook her head. How could she think of food now? How like a man! She could think of nothing save the fact that Dick was coming to her; nothing save that just when everything had seemed utterly hopeless and useless, after Dick and she had said good-bye to one another for ever, and she had faced the fact that she must marry a man she did not love, all was coming right between them.

Li Chu seemed of very small account at that moment, though had Marcelle known China better she would not have felt so happy and thrilled and light-hearted. Mrs. Lister knew that Marcelle must leave China!

We Wonder—

GOSSIP

—About Our Pals.

—If the Penryn girl still persists that the sun during her holiday bleached her hair?

* * * * *

—Or, since the girl she went away with declares that it rained all the time, has she confessed about the visit she made to the hair-dressers?

* * * * *

—Whether the three girls at the Tennis Club were amused or annoyed when they found they'd all made their frocks from the same pattern?

* * * * *

If it is true that since Molly's boy friend told her she was like Janet Gaynor she's been haunting the film agents for "extra" parts?

* * * * *

—Why the Boothe girl is always telling her newly engaged friends that she never wants to get married?

* * * * *

—And are they right in whispering that she'd soon change her mind—if she got the chance?

* * * * *

—If the St. Agnes couple are enjoying their hiking holiday as much as they anticipated?

NOR did Mrs. Lister allow matters to rest at that. She insisted upon inquiries being made as to the next liner leaving Hong Kong for England.

Then, on the second day, when Lister himself had gone to the club to make some further inquiries, and Marcelle and the elder woman were sitting quietly in Mrs. Lister's drawing-room, the door opened, and Tom White burst into the room.

"Tom!" cried Marcelle, and sprang to her feet.

His condition was pitiful. He was white and worn to a shadow. Terror stared from his eyes. He was dusty and hot and dishevelled.

"Oh, thank God, Marcelle. He said you were all right, the fiend, but I did not know whether to believe him or not. He didn't harm you?"

"You have no right here, you cad!" cried Mrs. Lister. But Tom was beyond feeling now. He sank into a chair, weary and broken.

"Give me a drink, Mrs. Lister, for God's sake. I've just escaped from Li's place. Have pity!"

"Give him something, Mrs. Lister," said Marcelle. The little woman shrugged her shoulders, and disappeared. Tom turned to Marcelle at once.

"He didn't hurt you, dear?" he cried.

She shook her head coldly.

"No, Li Chu did not touch me."

"Thank God for that," he exclaimed. "Listen, Marcelle. Mrs. Lister will be back any moment, and I've got to talk to you. This is no time for recriminations, my dear. I've been the greatest tur in the world. I deserve no pity, and I ask none. Only I've got to think of you. You know what Li Chu says he is going to do to you?"

"Yes, I know," answered Marcelle, very white.

"Well"—he sprang to his feet, trembling—"make no mistake, Marcelle, he'll do it—unless you get away quickly. You must get back to England. It's the only thing. And, darling"—he actually tried to catch her to him—"have pity on me. I'm down and out. That swine has written to Mostyn and given me away; I'll explain how later. There is no time now—"

"Oh, I know that, too," exclaimed Marcelle, with ever-growing contempt.

"You know"—Tom shrugged—"well, enough of that for the moment. Listen, Marcelle, you love me. You will forgive me?" he begged. "Say

you will. I'll follow you home. We'll marry and settle down, and I—"

"I would rather Li Chu did what he threatens, Tom, than be your wife!"

"What?"

"Please, Tom, I have nothing more to say. I have taken off your ring." She held out a hand. "You shall have it back, and I would rather never see you again."

"Marcelle!" He was beside himself as he stumbled towards her, and caught her in his arms. "You've just got to listen to me. You must—you must! Listen. I love you—I won't let you go! I'll kill you"—fury sprang into his voice—"I will kill you rather than let you go!"

"I think not," said a very quiet voice.

Dick Bryce stood there. His face was white and grim. His eyes blazed.

"Let Marcelle go—you cur!" he hissed.

"What has it to do with you?" cried Tom.

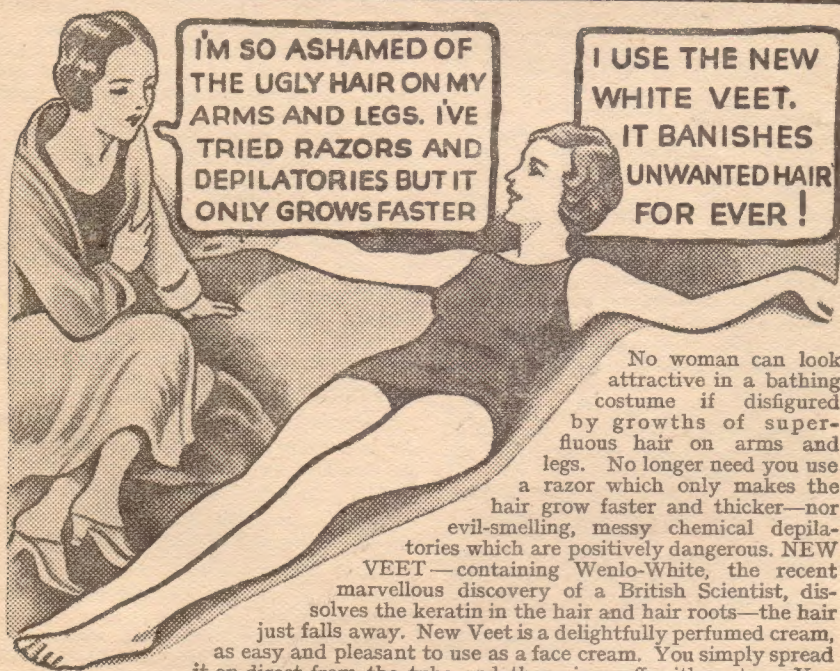
"Just this." Dick stepped up to the other.

"Marcelle and I love one another, and after what I have heard to-night in Hong Kong, Tom White, I am going to marry her—and she's through with you! Let her go!"

"I'll see you—"

But Tom got no further. A blow shot out from

(Continued on next page.)



No woman can look attractive in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair on arms and legs. No longer need you use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—nor evil-smelling, messy chemical depilatories which are positively dangerous. NEW VEET—containing Wenlo-White, the recent marvellous discovery of a British Scientist, dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots—the hair just falls away. New Veet is a delightfully perfumed cream, as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on direct from the tube and then rinse off with water. You wash away every trace of hair with it, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 31 E), Cunard Rd., Chase Estate, London, N.W.10.

SHOULD A BRIDE FORGIVE?*(Continued from previous page.)*

Dick's fist, and in another second Tom fell like a log.

Marcelle uttered a cry, and at that moment Mrs. Lister entered the room with drinks. She stood—and then quite calmly smiled.

Dick did not say a word. Bending, he picked up the unconscious Tom and carried him to the veranda. In another moment there was the sound of a heavy weight crashing through the bamboos in the Listers' garden. Then slowly Dick came back into the room.

He paused, and held out his hands. Mrs. Lister was very diplomatically turning her back.

"Marcelle!" cried Dick, and with a sob Marcelle ran to his open arms.

For a long moment the two lovers were too happy to speak. Mrs. Lister had slipped from the room. All was forgotten in that sweet, mad embrace, all the sweeter because they had never dared to hope that such a time might come.

"My darling," Dick whispered at last, as he pressed his lips against the soft hollow of her throat. "Is it true that Li Chu actually had you in his power?"

Marcelle's eyes darkened with sudden dread.

"Yes, quite true, Dick. But he didn't harm me."

"I'd hope not! If he had dared—"

"But Li Chu says he will follow me to the ends of the world, Dick," she faltered.

Dick held her passionately against him.

"I tell you, sweetheart, you're not to worry another moment over Li Chu. I'm with you now, and we will have you safe out of all this while the Chinaman is praying to his ancestors."

He stopped suddenly, with a gasp. In another moment, as a little cry of alarm left the girl's lips, Dick sprang to his feet.

AT the open window of the room stood a blue-clad giant. On his shoulder was the crest of the Li's. A moan had escaped from Marcelle at sight of him. She knew exactly who he was, and what he wanted. A messenger from Li Chu!

The man advanced a step or two, bowing to the ground, and then held out an envelope to Dick.

SECRET LOVERS*(Continued from page 14.)*

to marry me, it will have to be as I want it. Otherwise, no wedding." He argued with her, pleaded, cajoled. But Caryll was firm.

"If you go on like this, I shall start thinking that you're ashamed of me, and what I've been," she said finally.

"All right, Kathy, darling, have it your own way," Geoffrey said at last. "Only, darling, I wish you'd be more serious about it. I don't feel sure of you at all."

Caryll smiled into the darkness, then sprang up and seized the punt pole.

"Let's get back to the club," she said. "We've got to break the news to all of them."

"Kathy, you aren't going to tell them to-night?" he cried in alarm.

"What's this?" asked Dick, and snatched the envelope. "For me? Who's this from?"

But the giant servant of Li Chu had already withdrawn from the room as silently and as quickly as he had appeared. Dick would have followed him, but as he made a step forward to do so, Marcelle held him back.

"No, no, don't! There might be danger for you! It was a trap before, when they got me into the car. That man was one of Li's servants."

"Li's!" gasped Dick, and even he started in surprise. Then he looked at the envelope in his hand.

"Then this, I suppose, is from Li Chu himself. It's an educated, English handwriting. Let's see what the fellow has to say to me. I didn't know that he was even aware of my existence!"

A moment later, they were both reading the few lines written in perfect English.

My dear Mr. Bryce,—It is with the very greatest regret that I trouble you, but I think it would be just as well if we could have a short talk over a matter which is of interest to us both. I am therefore writing to ask you if you would be good enough to call upon me at any time during the next twenty-four hours at a time convenient to yourself. I feel certain that you will understand that it is better for us to meet and have a chat. It would be very foolish indeed on your part if you refused to see me. With renewed apologies for troubling you.

Sincerely, LI CHU.

Dick turned to his sweetheart, frowning.

"Well, of all the impertinence!" Dick stopped abruptly as he looked into Marcelle's eyes and saw in them, for the first time, stark terror. "Darling—what is the matter?"

"Oh, Dick, Dick"—she threw her arms about him, trembling and sobbing—"don't you understand at last the awful, terrible danger we are in? Already Li Chu knows about you. Already he intends to see you. Nothing can save me, darling, and nothing can save you—if Li Chu thinks that you mean to stand between him and his revenge."

Will Dick be able to save the girl he loves? Do not miss the next heart-stirring chapters of this great new serial drama.

"Of course I am," she laughed gaily.

She knew that he was hurt and puzzled because she would not treat their love as the sacred and serious affair that he felt it to be.

They returned to the club in silence.

"Where on earth have you been?" Victor Salvason demanded when they entered.

"Been getting ourselves engaged, Victor," she answered pertly. "A romance of the Queen of Clubs, old thing."

A moment later Geoffrey was surrounded on all sides by a shrieking mob, all congratulating him wildly. And although he smiled and thanked them, Caryll saw that he hated it all. Her revenge was beginning, she told herself. But why didn't she feel more glad?

HER wedding day!

Like a caged tigress, Caryll paced up and down her bedroom. Her eyes kept turning to the clock upon the mantelpiece. It was five minutes to twelve now—the ceremony was to take place at noon.

All the staff of the club would be at the church; crowds of reporters and photographers from the London newspapers, come to see the wedding between the wealthy Society man and his Night Club dance partner. All waiting for a bride who would never appear!

The romance had been well-advertised, Victor had seen to that. There had been newspaper posters and headlines, for Geoffrey was well known in Society. Caryll had bought a trousseau, and the honeymoon—a trip to Biarritz—was all arranged.

On the bed lay Caryll's wedding dress—an exquisitely cut gown of parchment satin and pearl embroidery; beside it lay a lace veil and a large bridal bouquet of pastel-tinted sweet peas.

A number of times Caryll's hands went towards that frock. It wasn't too late to put it on yet, and go to the church! She would be a few minutes late for the ceremony, but then brides often were.

Then she mocked at herself for weakening.

"How can you go on loving him, wanting him, knowing the sort of cad he is!" she chided herself.

"Have you no pride, no courage. What sort of husband would he make, anyhow? This is his punishment. Let him be made a fool of in front of all those people."

She closed her eyes. In her imagination she could see the dance partners, in their pink organdie dresses, fluttering about in the church porch. Victor Salvesson, hot and shiny and ill-at-ease, waiting to give her away; the waiting congregation, growing impatient, and beginning to whisper; finally, Geoffrey himself—ah, there her heart almost ceased beating!—Geoffrey, waiting at the altar, slowly realising that something was wrong.

Then—after fifteen minutes had passed, a telegram would arrive, addressed to Geoffrey. Her landlady's maid was sending it now. It bore the laconic message.

Sorry—no wedding to-day. Have changed my mind.—KATHY.

What would Geoffrey do when he received it? How would he explain to the onlookers the message it contained?

She threw back her head, and began to laugh wildly. She felt her laughter growing more wild and hysterical, and the tears began to pour down her cheeks. Then her laughter changed to a violent sobbing.

"Oh, Geoffrey!" she moaned. "I can't go on with this! I love you too much! I'm going to marry you—I don't care about revenge, or anything else."

With feverish hands she began to change into her bridal dress. She had just finished, when she heard a car draw up outside the front door. She went to the window.

Geoffrey's car—festooned with white satin

(Continued on next page.)

NO MYSTERY

about the way

Germolene

Brand OINTMENT

Heals BAD LEGS

—and EVERY Skin Trouble!

GERMOLENE Ointment conquers EVERY Skin Trouble Like Magic—but there's no mystery, no trickery about the way it works! Below, in simple language a child can understand, we print boldly exactly HOW Germolene's wonderful and unique ASEPTIC Action goes to work—in a way no other treatment can hope to imitate—instantly banishing skin suffering & torment; growing Clear, Healthy Skin again!

HERE YOU ARE!

What could be Simpler than the way Germolene Ointment attacks horrid Skin Complaints? Yet ONLY WITH GERMOLENE'S ASEPTIC ACTION have Skin Specialists been able to achieve these splendid results. Read below exactly how Germolene works...

1. Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
2. Gently EJECTS germs and poisons; never burns them out.
3. Heals the worst wound in record time—without scars!

For CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, RASH, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, & ALL SKIN TROUBLES

Germolene

Brand

ASEPTIC OINTMENT - 1/3 & 3/-



SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.

Name

Address

No. 507.—Aug. 6, 1932. WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY FOR SNAPSHOT COMPETITION ON PAGE 24.

The proprietors of BETTY'S PAPER will endeavour to return every photograph which is accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of adequate size.

No responsibility can be accepted by the Competition Editor for any photograph lost, delayed, or mislaid, and proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

The Competition Editor may vary the awards as he thinks fit, and his decision on all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding, and this is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Allied Newspapers Ltd. are not allowed to compete.

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW.

SECRET LOVERS

(Continued from previous page.)

ribbons and with lilies-of-the-valley in the flower holders. And, almost before the car had actually stopped, Geoffrey was out of it and across the pavement.

Then she *was* too late! He had got her telegram. She would have to go through with it now.

She waited palpitating, almost frozen with fear. Somehow, before that glimpse of his white, set face, her courage had ebbed away.

He threw the door of the room open, and for a long moment they stood there, staring at each other.

"Kathy, what on earth did your telegram mean?" he cried. "I told everyone that you had been taken ill. I thought that was what must have happened. Thank Heaven you are well."

Caryll threw back her head and laughed.

"I'm perfectly well, and my telegram meant just what it said," she answered.

"But I don't understand." He stepped inside the room, and closed the door, then stood looking down at her, puzzled.

"Don't you?" Her weakness had passed now, and the wrong she had suffered at his hands blazed up within her afresh. "Then perhaps this will make you understand!"

With a deft movement, she tore off her black wig. There was no disguising the make-up on her face now.

"I'm Caryll Despard!" she cried, and faced him with blazing eyes. "Thanks to you, I'm a criminal and an outcast! When you robbed and deserted me at Torhaven, I swore that someday I'd get even."

He stared at her incredulously.

"You mean that you—you never meant to marry me—that you don't love me at all? You mean that it was all done for revenge?" he said.

"Yes—that's what I mean. I *did* care for you at Torhaven, but now, now I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, you cheat—you thief!"

"I see!" His tone was dangerously quiet, and his eyes held a peculiar gleam.

"Now, listen to me," he said, and caught her shoulders so fiercely that his fingers bit into her

flesh. "I'm neither a cheat nor a thief! You might have asked me for an explanation, before thinking that of me. I never robbed you or deserted you at Torhaven. This is what happened:

"The morning after the dance I went out for an early bathe; I was seized with cramp, and almost drowned. A tramp steamer picked me up more dead than alive, and landed me at their first port of call, Amsterdam, three days later. The hotel people didn't worry because I kept a suite of rooms there all the season, and they are used to my coming and going without warning.

"I wired you from Amsterdam, and returned at once, to find you were missing, and the police looking for you. The necklace was still in the pocket of my dress suit at the hotel, just where I had put it when you gave it to me. I took it back to Lady Marie at once, and convinced her that you had no idea of its true value. She told the police to drop the case against you.

"Then—I set out to look for you myself. I thought that you might try to disguise yourself at once. I traced you to Exeter, and inquired at every place until I found where you bought that black wig. Then I tracked you to Maidenlow, and had spent a week there trying to pick up the trail, when I saw you at the Queen of Clubs.

"And I've known that you were Caryll Despard not Kathy Clare, right from the beginning."

"You've known! Then—then why didn't you tell me?" she cried.

"Because I didn't know the type of girl you really were at heart—whether you were the sweet, innocent Caryll Despard with whom I had fallen in love at Torhaven, a little maid playing at being a Society girl, and Kathy Clare was just a desperate disguise you had adopted; or whether Kathy Clare was the real you, and Caryll Despard only a pose. I waited to find out, and grew to love you more and more, in spite of Kathy Clare's loudness and vulgarity and greed."

"Oh, Geoffrey, it's all been a hideous, horrible mistake . . ." she began, but he brushed aside her interruption.

"And now—" his eyes blazed, "I know the truth. You are Kathy Clare, wicked, scheming,

(Continued on page 2.)